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40 OUTSTANDING
FEATURES

AUGUST • 1953

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Women

By IRENE CORBALLY KUHN

DON'T BELONG

in Politics

THE feminists will have my head for this but I've said it before and I'll say it again. Women don't belong in high government jobs. Nor in high diplomatic posts, either.

It's thirty-four years now since a Constitutional amendment gave American women the right to vote, and what have they done with it? Well, in 1932 they helped elect Democrat Franklin D. Roosevelt President and people said that was good. Twenty years later they really were the deciding factor in electing Republican Dwight D. Eisenhower President and people say that's good.

Yet in those twenty years *between* we've had a mammoth depression; a world war we won at frightful cost; a victory we let traitors, nincompoops and ruthless political opportunists throw away as if it were a soggy bun, something for the birds. As if that weren't enough, we've permitted ourselves to be saddled with monstrous, back-breaking taxes, fierce inflation, and a national debt of such magnitude average minds simply cannot comprehend it. We've let ourselves be jockeyed into a

"police action" in remote Korea which has turned into the most futile and costly war we've ever been in, a war we either haven't the wit or the guts to let our forces win because we're fighting it under the United Nations flag. That's the organization women cried for. It was set up to preserve peace in the world.

We've got creeping socialism and galloping graft in government; inexperienced, untried young people want "economic security" with pensions and benefits as soon as they leave college and apply for jobs.

In the still younger set we've got juvenile delinquency on a national scale. It is called delinquency only because the murders, hold-ups, dope-taking and raping are committed by teen-age minors. Their actions and behavior can be classified as sordid, brutal criminality.

We have girls more interested in glamour than goodness; boys intent on being "big shots" rather than big men. We have made life so easy with our scientific gadgets and streamlined methods that living's a thing of boredom rather than of

beauty; of frenetic clawing, scratching and striving for premature, unearned, materialistic rewards; of neurotics at 18, psychotics at 30, and names in the obituary columns in the 40's and 50's.

We have the atom bomb and we have no peace.

NATURALLY, I don't put *all* the blame on the women for the sorry state we're in. But I think we women could have done much more to keep the world on the track, or the United States, at least.

The women of Great Britain, who sacrificed and suffered more than we did to get the vote, haven't used their suffrage in a way to brag about, either. There was one dedicated suffragette, Emily Wilding Davis, who presented her petition of grievances to the King by throwing herself in front of the King's Horse at the Derby and giving her life for her convictions and the right of women to vote in Great Britain. If she were living today she'd hardly relish hearing the recent indictment of her sex by Lady Nancy Astor, Britain's first woman member of Parliament.

"Women have a dumbness about them because they do not know why we got the vote," Lady Astor said. "The women's movement was never at a lower ebb than it is in the United Kingdom today."

Lady Astor, Virginia-born and celebrated for her beauty, is now 73. She was 39 when she was elected to

Parliament in Britain in 1919, the same year women won the franchise in the United States. Then and since she has been the world's champion of women's rights. She has an edge to her tongue like a French chopping knife, and she has never been known for her reticence or tact. So when she lays her sharp tongue against women today it must be that she's had some doubts in these past thirty-four years of chopping up and down for equal rights. She must have wondered from time to time if she wouldn't have been better off if she'd just stayed quietly beautiful and feminine, and left Parliament to the men.

But it is with the United States that I am chiefly concerned, because the American woman has had far greater opportunities to use her vote constructively than the women of any other country. Since she has not produced any world-shaking improvements although she's been busy voting and hooking onto more and more good local, state and federal government jobs, either by getting elected by the people, or appointed by the politicians, it can be assumed that she's no better than the men and probably not as good as most of them in governing.

The late President Roosevelt appointed Mrs. Frances D. Perkins Secretary of Labor, making her the first woman member of a President's Cabinet. Mrs. Perkins, an estimable lady, became internationally known for her special brand

of hat, an anachronistic Colonial tricorne, rather than for any great pronouncements or achievements in the field of labor relations. It always seemed somewhat ridiculous, sometimes pathetically so, to contemplate this rather quiet, even mediocre woman, in the most delicate and nervous post in the Cabinet, during a time when the relations between labor and management in this country were at their worst; when a virtual revolution in industry and unions was taking place.

Mrs. Perkins, *vis-à-vis* John L. Lewis, was a spectacle to give the most placid man chronic ulcers. But the Honorable Frances had staying powers: it was early in the New Deal when she became Madam Secretary but she outlived many of her colleagues and outlasted them all. Just two months after the Republicans took office and twenty years after she entered federal service, she retired from her latest and last high government post. "The last leaf on the tree" was her smiling reference to herself as she cleaned out her desk and took her leave from Civil Service.

The bitter and costly history of labor strikes, sitdowns, slowdowns, shutdowns and knockdowns of the past two decades cannot be charged against any one person. But it can be argued that a tough-minded, realistic, fair man can probably handle other tough-minded, tough-talking men better than a woman. We can't be positive a man would

have done any better than Madam Secretary; he could hardly have done worse. One thing's for sure, however: a woman Secretary of Labor is about as sound psychologically as a male nurse in a gynecologist's office.

THE record of Congresswomen and of women state legislators is perhaps best of all; but it is not especially noteworthy except for devotion to the housekeeping end — watching out for the small, special interests and requests of the constituents at home, and having the good sense to go along with the male majority when the issues are right.

Our first elected woman Senator, Republican Margaret Chase Smith, of Maine, is known chiefly for joining some Democrats and liberal Republican colleagues in signing a "declaration of conscience," a somewhat ill-considered, gratuitous rebuke of a Senator of her own party, the highly effective and greatly smeared foe of Communists, Sen. Joe R. McCarthy. More recently, as chairman of a committee investigating the shortage of arms to our troops in Korea, Senator Smith asked a few pointed, proper questions but turned no all-revealing searchlight on the strange contradictions between the testimony of the Big Brass in the Pentagon and the field commanders. Very few women would get anywhere questioning three- and four-star generals on such a matter as this. It takes a far thicker skin than the well-bred Honorable

Lady from Maine has, to beat that rap.

On the diplomatic front, former President Truman's appointment of Mrs. Eugenie Anderson to be Minister to Denmark was the usual political payoff. However, when he made the oil-rich widow from the Southwest, Perle Mesta, Minister to Luxembourg, he unwittingly contributed to the arts. Perle's chief claim to fame up to then had been her great wealth and her lavish parties in the nation's capital. This and the musical comedy character of pretty little Luxembourg, struck fire in the brain-pans of Broadway. "Call Me Madam," a gorgeous, rowdy musical was born. Any resemblance to Mme. Minister to Luxembourg was *not* coincidental.

PRESIDENT Eisenhower has done some precedent-breaking, too. He created a new Cabinet post in order to give a job to a deserving Democrat from Texas, Mrs. Oveta Culp Hobby, who votes Republican in Presidential years but is still a registered Democrat in her State. He also made Mrs. Clare Booth Luce the first woman ambassador, sending her to Italy, where women are cherished more for their curves and curls than their tiresome intellects. Mrs. Luce is a fragile-looking blonde with a 14-karat intellect and considerable experience with political infighting, from her years as a Congresswoman. But when the lovely lady drives down the Via Veneto even the well-

bred Romans are going to have a hard time suppressing wolf whistles.

Can an American ambassador intent on upholding the dignity and prestige of the United States take these biological compliments in stride? Her biggest problem will be how to stay calm and objective and American in a highly-charged atmosphere of foreign temperaments, and personalities rampant with jealousy, intrigue and rival interests overriding all. And this is where I believe a man is better than a woman. Inherent in women is an emotionalism and subjectivity that can make them downright dangerous when they are playing for high stakes in today's political world.

President Eisenhower recently designated a woman to be minister to Switzerland, too. This is an earned reward for Miss Frances Wills, a career woman in the Foreign Service, the first of her sex to achieve a top post in the service. It is going to make for nice, happy relations between Switzerland and the United States when the men start trying to reconcile United States recognition of a career woman diplomat with Switzerland's continued withholding of the vote from her women!

Miss Wills may well succeed in her mission. She may be the happy contradiction of my belief that women don't belong in high government posts; and that if women were really honest, they'd all agree and admit publicly they'd rather have a man than a man's job.

TOJO *tried to die*



By HARRY T. BRUNDIDGE

SOME historians assert that Hitler's little dance in the Compiègne Forest on June 22, 1940, when France signed the formal surrender, was the Number One serio-comic episode of the last world war. They are wrong. Title and patent to this belongs to the late Hidecki Tojo who, as Premier of Japan, gave the green light for the attack on Pearl Harbor. Tojo wins, hands down, because his attempt at hara-kiri on September 11, 1945 led to a series of the most bizarre incidents in military (or newspaper) history. I know, because as a war correspondent for *Cosmopolitan* magazine, I was a participant.

I should explain. On the day before the attempted hara-kiri an old pre-war Japanese friend arranged an interview with Tojo for me and my old buddy, the late Clark Lee, war correspondent for International News Service. We talked in the garden of Tojo's farmhouse some 25 miles from Tokyo. Tojo was wearing an Alpine outfit — a gift from Hitler. We had tea, and Tojo kept trying on my Army field cap, turning it this way and that and muttering, "Oki, oki" (too big).

On the day of the interview, Sep-

tember 10, 1945, the U.S. Counter Intelligence Corps, charged with rounding up all Japanese war criminals, had not yet found Tojo. Lee and I, driving back afterwards to the Dai Itchi Hotel in Tokyo, agreed that Tojo, on the basis of our interview, would kill himself before surrendering to the C.I.C. as a war criminal.

Army censors did not cut one word out of our story of how we found and interviewed Tojo. But the C.I.C. men (most of them newcomers to Japan and none too expert in their work) were infuriated because a couple of old China (and Japan) hands had scooped them again. Our finding and interviewing Tojo was a new insult to the C.I.C. because Lee and I had gone into Tokyo many days ahead of the occupation by American troops, identified "Tokyo Rose" as Iva Toguri d'Aquino, obtained a confession from her, and sent her along to Yokohama headquarters.

C.I.C. issued a "must" order for the arrest of Tojo. We learned about this while eating Army chow in the Dai Itchi Hotel. We paused to

telephone C.I.C. headquarters with an offer to lead them to Tojo's house, which was difficult to find.

C.I.C. declined the offer and we piled into a Jap jeep. Finally we swung into the lane in front of Tojo's farmhouse — hours ahead of the C.I.C.

We jumped out. The gendarmes (who had a sentry box and had been guarding the unpopular Tojo from the wrath of the Japanese ever since his removal as Premier) greeted us as old friends from the day before.

"Where is the General?" Massa, our interpreter, asked in Japanese.

"Uchi" (house), grinned a gendarme.

"The Americans are going to pinch him," said Massa, in Japanese.

The gendarmes burst into laughter and one said, in English:

"Bery, bery funny."

We sprawled on the grass outside the gate. As time went by and the C.I.C. still didn't show we decided to try to scoop them again — this time by "inviting" Tojo to accompany us directly to MacArthur's headquarters. We had to push Massa to the door leading into Tojo's European-style study. Massa had not recovered from the shock of the previous day when, as our interpreter, he talked face to face with Tojo. Massa put the proposition to a sloppy-looking manservant, who carried the message to his master.

Tojo considered our offer, but finally turned it down. Later we learned it was rejected because Tojo

was hesitating between surrender and hara-kiri.

IT WAS a burning hot day and as a meat-ball sun moved China way and nothing continued to happen, we sent Massa back to the house with a request for some cold beer. He returned, crestfallen. "No biiru," he said. "Ask for some Scotch and ice," Lee directed. Massa, growing bolder by the minute, went back to the house, conversed with the houseman and rejoined us. "No Scotch-o," he reported. The gendarmes giggled. We sent him back for ice water and he returned with this. We shared the pitcher with the gendarmes.

We continued teasing Tojo with additional requests for his surrender, for statements, food and drinks. What we did not know but learned later was that while we were tormenting the little general he was busily engaged in writing his last will and testament. Time dragged. We strolled through the garden and looked into the main room of the Japanese section of the house. We noted that the family altar had been set up with white silk, fresh flowers, an incense pot, the hara-kiri sword and knife, a *sake* bowl and cups — all the ceremonial appendages for the disembowelment ritual of hara-kiri.

"He'll kneel at that altar and cut out his guts," I said.

"Yes," said Lee, "and the houseman will break his neck with the sword. Too bad he hasn't a close friend or relative to do it."

"Too bad," I said, "but his son-in-law, who should be on hand for the neck job, did his own hara-kiri last week and most of Tojo's best friends have been doing it at the entrance to the Imperial Palace for two weeks."

"DO YOU hear what I hear?" Lee asked.

We listened. Yes! Sirens were screaming. It was 4:05 P.M.

The C.I.C. was arriving!

We rushed across the lawn to the lane.

C.I.C. guys were jumping out of Army cars. One officer didn't jump—he assisted a White Russian girl friend out of the car, a gal he had brought along to see the sights.

From within the house came the fragrance of incense.

"Where's the general?" shouted a C.I.C. major.

"In his European study," I answered.

"How do we get in?" he thundered.

"Why not knock on the door?" I suggested.

They knocked.

There was no response.

I suggested they rap on the window of the study and led them to it. They tapped. Quite suddenly the window opened and Tojo stuck out his shaven head. An Army Nisei captain began reading the order for Tojo's arrest. Tojo began a debate (in Japanese) as to whether or not the order was official. While the colloquy was under way Georgie Burns,

a photographer who hadn't had a news-picture shot all afternoon, exploded a flash bulb in Tojo's face. The little general fairly screamed, and slammed the window.

"What do we do now?" someone questioned.

"Drag the bastard out by his heels," someone answered.

As we ran from the garden back to the front door we heard —

BANG!

WE CRASHED the door. Tojo was in an armchair. Blood was oozing from a wound above his heart. A 32-caliber Colt revolver was on the floor at his right side. Above and behind the chair was a beautiful painting of Tojo, on horseback, at the head of his troops in Manchuria. Over by the window on which we had knocked was a chair on which he had hung his ribboned military jacket. His gold-encased Samurai sword was on the chair bottom. Tojo wore highly polished boots, army pants, and a clean but now blood-stained white shirt.

"The bastard has killed himself —"

"No. Look. The son of a bitch is still breathing —"

"His belly's going up and down —"

"Didn't have the nerve to cut his guts out —"

Then the show really began.

Burns photographed each and every one of us, holding Tojo's wrist, counting his pulse by our watches. Then the looting for souvenirs got under way. Within a matter of sec-

onds the C.I.C. guys had pocketed Tojo's large collection of small arms. I saw a hand attached to an arm snake through the garden window — and Burns "liberated" the beautiful Samurai sword. I went out on the lawn as Georgie shoved it down the right leg of his pants and started limping down the lane toward his jeep. A C.I.C. officer grabbed him. "Nice going," he said, "but take it back."

Lee and I decided (with no medical advice) that Tojo should be removed from the chair. As we were about to lift the little man out of the chair and lay him down, he said, in Japanese: "I would have tried traditional hara-kiri but sometimes that is not fatal and I wanted to die. I tried to shoot myself in the heart instead of in the head because I wanted the Japanese people to recognize that it was Tojo and know that I had done this and that the Americans had not substituted somebody else's body for mine. I am very sorry I missed my aim."

We carried the little general to a settee. He bled like a stuck pig.

Tojo's telephone, like Tojo, was in bad shape. Lee was having a helluva time getting through to the Dai Itchi. He finally got Bill Dunn on CBS on the phone.

"Listen, Bill, send a flash to INS for me. Tojo shot himself when the C.I.C. tried to arrest him."

"What's that?" Dunn asked. "Who's Jojo? The dog-faced boy?"

"Not Jojo," screamed Lee. "Tojo! War! Japanese premier! Shot himself! Dammit. Get it right! TOJO — please —"

Lee was frantic. He had the beat of a lifetime — with no competition — and no communication. Finally a gendarme led him to a telephone in a lumberyard a quarter of a mile away. He got through this time to Bill Henry, his INS man, and began dictating his story. I remained in the house, writing a blow-by-blow description of what was happening while Massa rushed my longhand notes to Lee at the lumberyard.

On one of these trips Massa heard someone say Tojo had died.

Wild-eyed and sweat-wet, he rushed into the lumberyard and grabbed Lee's arm.

"Tojo has died," he announced.

"Are you sure?"

"Yes. Mr. Brundidge will be along to give you the details."

Lee sent an overall flash — TOJO IS DEAD.

I was out on the lawn getting some fresh air when Lee, visibly agitated because I had not gone to the lumberyard to give him a fill-in, came charging through the gate.

"What time did he die?" Lee asked.

"Who, die?"

Lee thought I was being unnecessarily facetious.

"Who? Why Tojo, of course."

"He's not dead — he's snoring."

At that moment fat Russell Brines

of the AP squeezed himself out of a command car and, panting, inquired:

"What's going on, Harry?"

"Tojo shot himself."

"Don't clown with me."

"Go have a look-see."

Brines waddled into the study, followed by an AP photographer. I took after them. Brines surveyed the scene and the photographer found a stepladder which he placed at the end of the settee to get a shot of Brines with the supposedly dying Tojo. When the lensman pulled the trigger the bulb exploded with a loud bang. Someone yelled "Booby trap," and the knights of the portables made a line plunge for the door. Upon discovering what had happened they trooped shamefacedly back.

Lee called me aside. "Tojo looks weak," he said. "I thought maybe he would die and make my flash stand up. How's his pulse?"

"Too good," I replied.

Lee groaned and beat it back to the lumberyard telephone.

Lee returned in a few minutes.

"I couldn't get through to Tokyo. Can't kill my flash. I'm in a helluva jam. We've got to do something."

"What do you mean — *we*? It was *your* flash."

"Listen, pal. Remember that night in 1939 outside the wall of Tai-yuan Fu when I prevented that Jap sentry from running you through with his bayonet?"

"Yep."

"I'm in a worse spot — you've got to help me."

"What can we do? There are too many people around here now to hit him with a ball bat. Besides, we don't even have a bat!"

"Remember how he bled when we carried him to the settee? Well, let's turn him over and see what happens."

I agreed. The tough little guy resisted, but we turned him over and he had a beautiful hemorrhage. I felt his pulse.

"How is it?" Lee asked.

"Stronger," I answered. Lee was desperate.

"Let's turn him again," he urged me. And we did.

AT THAT moment someone reported that Tojo's phone was working.

Lee dashed down out of the study and down the hall, got Bill Henry on the line and killed his flash. (No damage had been done. By the time the original flash reached San Francisco, American presses had rolled out their last editions and most radio stations were off the air.) Now Lee was dictating and I was shouting a blow-by-blow account to him.

"His pulse is stronger . . ."

"He's talking again . . ."

We had been trying to locate a Japanese doctor. One finally arrived, a bespectacled little man in a white suit. He made a brief inspection, then spoke to Massa. Massa spoke to me and I yelled down the hall:

"Doctor says he has a short time to live."

Tojo resisted the doctor. In a vigorous voice, in Japanese, he said:

"Leave me alone. I want to die."

"I only want to clean you up," the doctor whispered.

We caught the word *kirei*, which in Japanese means both clean and pretty.

"Pretty me up after I'm dead," said Tojo. "My body belongs to me while I am alive."

DOWN the hall a reporter was on the telephone laboriously spelling out *h* (for *Harry*), *e* (for *everybody*), *m* (for *Mary*), *r* (for *Robert*), *r* (for *Robert*), *h* (for *Harry*), *a* (for *Agnes*), *g* (for *George*), *e* (for *everybody*) . . . "That's what I said, dammit . . . bleeding. . . ."

It was 7:05 P.M. We heard sirens screaming. Suddenly the study was full of American MP's and medical corpsmen from the "First Cavalry," led by Capt. James B. Johnson, young and good looking, with a shock of brownish hair. Johnson bent over Tojo and got busy. He started sewing up the wounds made by the entrance and exit of the bullet. I brought in a wooden hat rack from the hallway and a corpsman hung a bottle of plasma on a peg. American blood began flowing into Tojo's left arm. "Sucking chest wound, common in battle, save most of 'em," Captain Johnson was saying.

Down the hall the drone of voices

. . . "Sewing him up now . . . he's in shock . . . says he'll live . . ."

The stretcher came in. Tojo was slipped on to it. He was carried to the ambulance. C.I.C. agents were pasting labels on those articles which had not been carried away. Two agents were engaged in a scientific search for the historic bullet. Lee and I left them there. Outside, before climbing into the ambulance, Captain Johnson called us aside.

"I noticed a lot of blood in there," he said. "Looked like he was turned over a time or two, and had a couple of big hemorrhages." He paused, then asked: "Who turned him over?"

"Well, Captain, he *was* turned over," I answered. "I helped a little bit. You see, there was a matter of a 'flash' about his death . . ."

"Nice going," said the doctor. "Only thing that saved him for the hangman. If that blood hadn't been drained out it would have gone to his lungs and drowned him. If you'd just left him alone the flash would have stood up, but so it goes."

The ambulance disappeared.

We did save him for the hangman. On December 23, 1948, Tojo, along with Doihara, Matsui, and Muto — convicted war criminals — walked to the gallows in Sugamo Prison, shouting "Long Live the Emperor!" Tojo yelled "Banzai" as the trap was sprung.

Tojo had a sense of humor — and frugality. He sent his false teeth to his widow. They were solid gold.



The Genius of STRAP BUCKNER

By Brent Ashabrunner

ISN'T anybody who don't know all about Pecos Bill and Paul Bunyan and Johnny Appleseed. But I bet you never heard tell of big Strap Buckner of Texas. That's funny, too, because Strap were a genius in a way, and what's more, he squared off against the Devil hisself once in a bare-knuck scrap that like to have put the preachers out of business.

Strap's real name were Aylett Buckner, and he come to Texas a long time ago with Steve Austin and his settlers. Colonel Austin were tolable glad to have him along because Texas were almost as wild then as it is now, and Strap were a strong young feller big enough to hunt bears with a switch.

There were one thing that worried Colonel Austin a mite, though. When Strap were feeling good, he knocked men down. It were his way of shaking hands, sort of, and he did it so friendly and polite-like that hardly nobody could take offense. And if he accidentally busted a man's jaw, he would put the feller to bed and wait on him hand and foot for weeks and do all his work for him. Only trouble were that when the feller decided his jaw were

proper mended, Strap would most-like be so happy he would knock him down again and have to do the whole thing over.

Yep, knocking men down were Strap's genius, and it were something he didn't seem to have no control over. Colonel Austin didn't know if his colonists would cotton much to being knocked down, even if it were done in the kindest sort of way, but he thought maybe the hard work of homesteading in Texas might drain off enough of Strap's energy that his peculiar genius would sort of disappear.

Well, the Colonel were a great man, but he plumb got off the track that time. Instead of Strap's genius drying up, it purely blossomed out. Seems like he felt good all the time down in Texas. Right off Strap knocked down every man in the colony at least once, and he knocked down Colonel Austin hisself three times to show how much he appreciated having been took along.

WELL, sure enough, Austin's men didn't take kindly to being knocked down and maybe getting a jaw busted even when it were

done with all kinds of friendliness and consideration. So they got together and studied out that since the only time Strap knocked men down were when he were feeling good, maybe they'd better work up a little misery for him. After that there weren't hardly a day that Strap didn't find a prize shoat missing outa his pens or maybe one of his outhouses would catch fire in the middle of the night or he'd go out to draw some water and find a big rock tied to his well rope.

Strap were the unsuspecting sort and he laid all these pranks onto the Injuns that was around Texas in them days. The Injuns didn't like Strap much on account of he had knocked them all down two, three times apiece.

Well, things were pretty nice around the colony for quite a spell after this because Strap always felt so bad about losing a shoat or a outhouse that he just didn't have any hankering to knock men down.

But about this time Strap got smitten with a pretty little gal who lived with her pappy over on High Lonesome Creek, and he took to going over there to parlor-sit about every night of the week and all day on Sundays. After about two weeks Strap figured he'd done been sociable long enough, and he went in to see her pappy who were shore a cantankerous codger. The old man were in one of his better moods that day, though, and he said if his daughter were crazy enough to want to marry

a cuss like Strap, he reckoned he couldn't stop her.

Well, sir, what happened next were purely a shame. Strap felt so good when he heard the word that he clean knocked Pappy loose from his uppers and stretched him out on the floor like a hog ready for the boiling pot. It were a most respectful sort of blow but the old man didn't have no sense of humor, and besides when Strap come over to help him up, he stepped on the uppers and smashed them up like white dust.

The old man couldn't talk much after that, but he made it plumb plain that if Strap didn't get out and stay out, he'd take his muzzle-loader and lead him up proper.

THAT did something to Strap. He started knocking men down again, but now it were because he felt bad and not because he felt good. He said he were gonna keep right on doing it and the only thing he were sorry about were that old Satan hisself didn't show up so as he could knock him down, too.

Well, sir, Strap hadn't no more said that about knocking down old Satan than there were the most unholy caterwauling outside and ever'-body rushed out to see what were going on. It were most dark, but they could just make out two catamounts each one most nearly as big as a horse. They was pulling a big wooden ox cart that were sort of black and smoky like it had been caught in a fire someplace, and in

the cart were a big, evil-looking stranger dressed all in black. His eyes looked red in the near dark, and he had a pointed black beard that looked like it had been singed.

The stranger got outa the wagon and walked into Strap's house. Well, Strap knew who this jasper were and where he had come from and what he wanted. Strap wished now he hadn't talked up about knocking the Devil down, but being a Texican, he didn't intend to show it.

"Stranger," he said, peeling off his shirt, "I'd just as leave get down to cases. First I'd kinda like to know the name yo're going by these days."

"No reason you shouldn't," the stranger said. "You can call me Old Harry if you like."

STRAP started for the stranger then and men started ducking for the door, but they hung around outside and peered in and that's how it's knowed what happened that night.

Gentlemen, that were a fight. It never had took Strap more than one blow to knock a man down before, but him and Old Harry stood out in the middle of the floor and traded punches on the jaw from eight o'clock to about eleven-thirty and neither of them give an inch. Then Old Harry allowed he were getting thirsty, so they stopped and Strap broke out a jug of his best Texas Special.

When they got back to fighting it made their first session look like a play party. Strap kept swinging at

Old Harry's jaw, but Harry started gouging and rabbit punching and ever' once in a while he'd get in a good lick with his boots.

Along about four A.M. Old Harry started staggering around some and allowed he'd like another drink. But Strap knew that come dawn the stranger would be gone and he only had about an hour left to knock him down. So he said there weren't no more time to be sociable and he wound up and aimed one at Old Harry's whiskers.

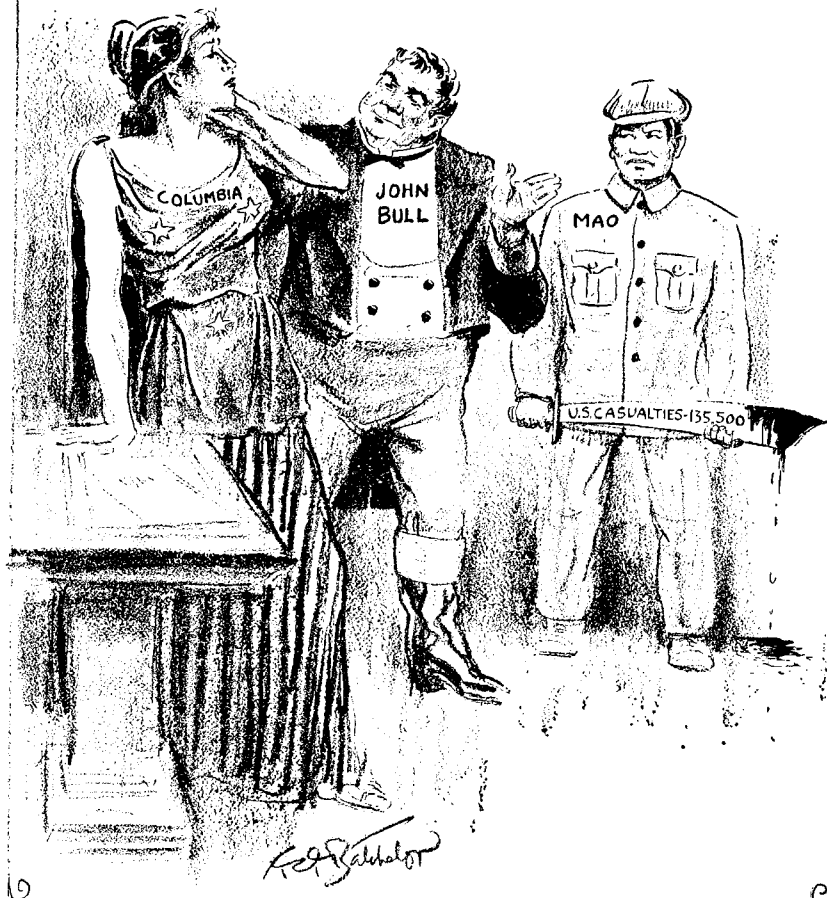
That were a punch. The stranger saw it coming but weren't nothing he could do about it. It caught him smack on the jaw and he stretched out so straight in the air you could of set a cup of coffee on his belly. He landed flat on his back and it were near five minutes before he got up.

He sat there fingering his jaw and chuckling sort of soft-like. "Well, well," he said. "That were right smart of a punch, Cap'n Buckner, right smart of a punch."

The stranger got up and dusted hisself off. "Don't know when I've spent a more enjoyable evening," he said. "Think I'll stay down here in Texas awhile and see if they's any others the likes of you, Cap'n Buckner."

And if you think Old Harry ain't found enough cantankerous, slab-sided, whang-leather-tough hambres down in Texas to keep him there ever since that big fight with Strap, you just ask any man from Oklahoma or Arkansas.

Our "Ally" : Come, come,
old thing! Don't you know
it's Be-Kind-To-CommyWeek?



COMMUNISTS

and the

NEW DEAL

PART III

By J. B. Matthews

EVERY cowardly device of human speech has been employed to prevent the exposure of the Communists who slithered into the Government of the United States during that twenty-year period which will be remembered in history as our Shameful Years.

Every one of these verbal weapons of the human tongue has been wielded with the intent of punishing or destroying any and all Americans who have dared try to warn their countrymen of the Communist conspirators' penetration of their Government: ridicule, distortion, lying, perjury, vile epithets, venomous whisperings, false rumor-mongering, base slander, libel, and character assassination. The list is merely suggestive, not exhaustive.

Few men of our time have felt the whiplash of malicious attack as keenly as Whittaker Chambers, whose moral courage, when it finally emerged, attained an enduring luster — if only by contrast with the cowardice of those moral pygmies who have known the truth about subversion in

government but have maintained a protective silence. Chambers has told of the inner struggle which preceded his resolve to lay bare the truth. "I felt, too," writes the nemesis of traitors, "that a persistent effort by any man to expose the Communists in government was much less likely to lead to their exposure than to reprisals against him."

We may be grateful that Whittaker Chambers has lived long enough to know that millions of his fellow Americans hold for him the highest respect, and long enough to dispose of the fallacy of "Truth forever on the scaffold, Wrong forever on the throne." Many of those who, like Chambers, have made persistent efforts to expose the Communists in government have been less fortunate than he. Among them, the late Dr. William A. Wirt comes instantly to mind.

MILLIONS of Americans have either forgotten or have never heard the name of Dr. Wirt. A

whole generation has been born, and has grown to maturity, since those fateful weeks almost twenty years ago when the noted educator from Gary, Indiana, tried to tell the American people something about the Communist penetration of the New Deal. The story of Dr. Wirt and his efforts is not a pleasant one to remember. It is, indeed, a sordid tale of the frustration and defeat of patriotism. It must, however, be told and re-told; for the crime of innumerable New Dealers was *not* that they were sympathetic with the full Communist program or with the Communist treachery, *not* that they were knowingly participants in the Kremlin's conspiracy, *but* that they joined willingly in the New Deal's determination to destroy all those who sought to expose the Communists in government.

Non-Communists in the New Deal, and even some who believed themselves to be anti-Communists, hounded Dr. Wirt to his untimely death. His case is, therefore, an important part of the history of Communism and the New Deal.

A prominent member of the House of Representatives tried character assassination on Dr. Wirt. Cloaked with his Congressional immunity, this legislator stated on the floor of the House that Wirt had been jailed for pro-German activities during World War I. The statement was a lie out of whole cloth; but that is getting ahead of our story.

In all the vast amount of material

which has been written about the Wirt case, on the one hand, and about the Peters-Ware-Hiss-Chambers case, on the other, attention has never before been called to a fabulous irony of history which linked the two.

The link between the Wirt case and the Hiss case is supercharged with the elements of tragedy befitting the talents of an Aeschylus.

The tragedy was enacted in two parts, with two sets of actors, in the spring of 1934. The two parts of the tragedy were staged only hours or at most a few days apart, and within five minutes walking distance of each other. Let us call one the Wirt part of the tragedy, and the other the Hiss part. The one was attended with the uncomfortable heat of motion-picture klieg lights, and with the maximum glare of publicity which focussed the attention of a whole nation upon the carefully rehearsed recitation of its lines. The other was enacted with the techniques of deep conspiratorial secrecy.

On one side of the Capitol, the leading role was the patriot's. On the opposite side, a few blocks away, the leading role was the traitor's.

On one side of the Capitol, there were five Congressmen. On the other side, there were four conspirators.

THE five Congressmen were engaged in a futile and soon-to-be-forgotten investigation of Com-

munists in government. The four conspirators were engaged in a futile and never-to-be-forgotten plot to infiltrate Communists into government.

The five Congressmen were New Dealers Alfred L. Bulwinkle, of North Carolina; John J. O'Connor, of New York; and William W. Arnold, of Illinois; and Republican dissenters Harold McGugin, of Kansas, and Frederick R. Lehlbach, of New Jersey. The four conspirators were J. Peters, Harold Ware, Alger Hiss, and Whittaker Chambers.

In the large caucus room of the old House Office Building — where I was, a few years later, to conduct the interrogation of many defiant and contemptuous Communist witnesses, including some of those who were employed in the Government — a select committee of the House of Representatives held open hearings on April 10th and 17th, 1934. The New Deal majority of that committee, under the chairmanship of Alfred L. Bulwinkle, was bent, figuratively speaking, upon tearing to pieces, limb by limb, a lonely figure whose only "crime" was that he had "stolen the fire" of truth and wished to bestow it upon his fellow countrymen for their protection. The victim was the late Dr. William A. Wirt.

The New Deal vultures did their work well. The instruments of their deadly and dastardly purpose were the three New Deal members of the select committee of the House of

Representatives: Bulwinkle, O'Connor, and Arnold.

Alfred L. Bulwinkle is deceased, and cannot speak. William W. Arnold is in retirement, and is silent. John J. O'Connor long ago made a brave and extraordinary confession of his part in this foul tragedy.

Lest the reader be inclined to think that I am exaggerating the enormity of the New Deal effort to destroy Dr. Wirt, I quote from the confession of the former chairman of the Rules Committee of the House of Representatives, John J. O'Connor:

"On the sixth anniversary of the 'purging' of Dr. William A. Wirt before a Congressional Special Committee of which I was an active member, I desire to relieve my conscience of a matter which has long burdened it . . .

"Dr. Wirt was one of the world's recognized educators. . . . In March, 1934, a memorandum he had prepared was read before a Congressional committee in hearings on the original bill to create the SEC.

"In that statement Dr. Wirt asserted that there was a deliberately conceived plot among some of the New Deal leftists to 'overthrow the established social order' and substitute a 'planned economy' in our country.

"Some of his informants had boasted that President Roosevelt would be 'the Kerensky of the coming American revolution.' . . .

"Immediately there was a furore

in the House of Representatives over such 'lese majesty.' Almost overnight a Special Committee of the House was created to put on the grill this prominent citizen who dared to expose such a plot. In advance of his voluntary appearance, Dr. Wirt was threatened with jail if he did not appear and satisfactorily tell the whole truth . . .

"The committee held two public hearings in the large caucus room of the old House Office Building, beginning April 10, 1934. Hundreds of newspapermen and photographers attended while Dr. Wirt stood at the 'bar' to repeat his story and give the sources of his information.

"While he named names and quoted his informants, I took a leading part as 'prosecutor' and 'inquisitor.' In my early, rubber-stamp support of the 'New Deal,' I was quite severe with the distinguished Doctor, going so far as to oppose the appearance of the distinguished ex-Senator James A. Reed as the Doctor's counsel . . .

"The pack got the smell of blood and tracked down the prey! A great job was done!

"Little did we know that most of the happenings which Dr. Wirt said the plotters had predicted would come to pass. Most of them came true even before Dr. Wirt's untimely and regrettable death.

"Or, maybe, in our hearts we knew the plot was not idle gossip and we lunged at the discloser to appease our consciences.

"Many times privately have I apologized for my part in turning the thumbscrews, and I take this occasion to do so publicly.

"May Dr. Wirt's honest, patriotic soul rest in peace.

"His was 'the voice of one crying in the wilderness.'"

I DO NOT believe that any confession comparable to former Congressman O'Connor's has ever come from a member of the Congress of the United States. His statement was remarkable for its rare courage.

When, in late March, 1934, the news of the dinner where Dr. Wirt was given startling information by his fellow diners hit Washington, only a few individuals in the city knew who the hostess and the other diners were. The capital was agog with excitement. There was much scurrying around. There was an unquenchable curiosity among Government employees to find out who might be involved or who might be named. "Was I there?" was the question on a thousand, more or less, New Deal officials' lips. "Was I there? And did I make any indiscreet statements after my fifth martini?" It could have been any one of a hundred dinner parties. Speculation was rife. The dinner had taken place more than six months before it became dramatic news in the nation's capital. It occurred on September 1, 1933, in fact.

A high official in Triple-A of the Department of Agriculture called

his large staff together (which included quite a number of individuals who have since been identified as members of the Communist cell in Triple-A) and inquired of them, one by one, if they could recall any rash statements he might have made at any dinner party during the previous September. He was greatly relieved when they assured him they could not recall that he had been indiscreet in referring to New Deal plans while under the influence of alcohol.

At the first public hearing of the Select Committee of the House of Representatives on April 10, 1934, it was developed that the famous dinner party of the previous September had been held in the home of Miss Alice Barrows, across the Potomac in Virginia. Miss Barrows, of the Office of Education, had been hostess; and her dinner guests, in addition to Dr. Wirt, had been Robert Bruere of the NRA, David Cushman Coyle of the PWA, Hildegarde Kneeland of the Department of Agriculture, Mary Taylor of Triple-A, and Laurence Todd of *Tass* (the Soviet News Agency).

Miss Barrows and her five friends took the witness stand on April 17, 1934. Their testimony bears all the marks of careful pre-arrangement. Former Congressman O'Connor has called their testimony "well staged." In this connection, he has said: "I use the word 'well staged' advisedly because it was known that at least six of them [all but Dr. Wirt] met and rehearsed their denials of what

they had told Dr. Wirt." The meeting and the rehearsal of testimony took place in the office of Congressman Bulwinkle. Miss Barrows testified, under oath, about this meeting, as follows: "We were asked simply to come to Mr. Bulwinkle's office so that he could explain to us when we were to attend and where we were to attend." In other words, six people came together from widely scattered parts of Washington simply to be told when and where they were to testify. On its face, the testimony of Miss Barrows was preposterous. Washington had telephones in those days.

LAURENCE TODD has been known around Washington for a generation. During most of that time, he has been correspondent for the Soviet news agency, *Tass*. Those who knew Todd in 1933 could have had little doubt that he said to Dr. Wirt: "We all think that Mr. Roosevelt is only the Kerensky of this revolution." The statement was in character. According to Dr. Wirt, Mary Taylor of Triple-A approved the statement ascribed to Todd.

The New Deal majority of the Select Committee hooted at the thought that there could be any Communist penetration of Triple-A. Nevertheless and notwithstanding, it has since been disclosed that Harold Ware had already organized his Communist cell in Triple-A. Alger Hiss, Nathan Witt, John Abt, Lee Pressman, Charles Kramer, and Na-

thaniel Weyl had already been recruited as members of that cell. They were already a functioning Communist group in Triple-A when Bulwinkle's committee was pillorying Dr. Wirt; and this brings us to that other meeting which took place in the spring of 1934, on the other side of the Capitol and only a few blocks from where the Bulwinkle Select Committee was staging its part of the tragedy.

Put in the words of Whittaker Chambers, "In the early spring of 1934, J. Peters [super-agent of Soviet espionage] introduced me [Chambers], in New York City, to Harold Ware . . . Before we parted, we knew that we would work together easily, and we had arranged a time and place where I would meet Hal Ware in Washington, and begin looking over the underground landscape." On his arrival in Washington, a short time later, this historic rendezvous was kept. "I found Hal Ware waiting for me," writes Chambers, "at exactly the time and place that we had agreed on in New York a week or so before." The meeting place was a small restaurant between Washington's Union Station and the Capitol. In the meantime, Peters had arranged for Alger Hiss and himself to be present at this now-famous rendezvous of the conspirators.

Thus simply, while New Dealers decreed that no man should have the audacity to expose Communists in government and get away with it, began one of the most dramatic

associations in American history, that of Whittaker Chambers and Alger Hiss. It could have been more dramatic *only* if Peters, Ware, Hiss, and Chambers had strolled from the little restaurant over to the caucus room of the old House Office Building to watch the performance of Bulwinkle, O'Connor and Arnold, the very same caucus room where the confrontation of Hiss and Chambers occurred a little more than fourteen years later.

AMONG the rabble of self-styled liberals in these tragic days of 1953, there is much to-do about the methods of Congressional investigations. Almost all of these liberals profess to endorse the objectives of Velde, Jenner, McCarran, and McCarthy. At the same time, they hasten to register — usually with some hysterical observations — their disapproval of the methods of these Congressmen. Not long ago, when Harold Velde erroneously stated that Agnes Meyer of the Washington *Post* had been praised by a newspaper in the Soviet Union, the rafters of the Republic were rent with loud cries of "character assassination" from the shallow depths of these anguished liberal souls. Parenthetically, let me say that if Mrs. Meyer and her sheet were not praised by the press of the Soviet Union, it was a case of gross ingratitude — probably an oversight, although the depths of the Communist mind are difficult to probe.

Well, at any rate, let us pay tribute to the liberals who can work up a frothing hysteria, without the aid of alcohol, on the subject of McCarthy's methods. They are the most rugged hypocrites of all time. The Scribes and Pharisees couldn't hold a candle light for them. They have raised the art of hypocrisy to new heights. What were they saying when Dr. Wirt was a witness before a Congressional committee? Nothing! They were seized with lockjaw. Dr. Wirt didn't have any civil rights. He was a patriot. Only Communists have civil rights! These conclusions are based upon a page by page, paragraph by paragraph, word by word examination of the *Nation*, the *New Republic*, the *New York Times*, and a host of journalistic smear-sheets.

Let us consider, point by point, some of the hysterical diatribes of the liberals.

They say that present-day Congressional probers indulge in character assassination. Well, what happened to Dr. Wirt on this score?

On April 11, 1934, on the floor of the House of Representatives, Chairman Bulwinkle, of the Select Committee to Investigate Charges Made by Dr. William A. Wirt, stated as a fact that Dr. Wirt had been jailed for his pro-German activities during World War I. This was a serious charge. If untrue, it amounted to character assassination in the ultimate degree. As it turned out, however, the charge was a lie. Five days

later — a long time, according to the liberals — Bulwinkle made a complete and abject retraction of his false charge.

The liberals allege that false charges are made under the cloak of Congressional immunity. Bulwinkle made his false charge under the cloak of immunity; but the *Nation*, the *New Republic*, and the *New York Times* did not have a single word to say about Congressional immunity in this instance.

THE liberals allege that retractions never catch up with the original charges. Well, take a look at this one. On April 12, 1934, the *New York Times* made a page-one headline and a page-one story out of Congressman Bulwinkle's unadulterated lie that William A. Wirt had been jailed as a pro-German. When Bulwinkle retracted his lie five days later, the *New York Times* ran the story of the retraction on page twelve. I have the photostats to prove it.

The liberals heatedly demand that witnesses before Congressional investigating committees should be allowed to read prepared statements when they take the stand. The Bulwinkle Select Committee denied Dr. Wirt's request to be allowed to read a 10-minute prepared statement.

The liberals allege that "due process" is denied witnesses when they are not allowed full representation by counsel. Bulwinkle's committee would not permit ex-Senator

James A. Reed to appear as counsel for Dr. Wirt.

The liberals aver that "due process" is denied witnesses when their counsel are not allowed to cross-examine opposing witnesses. Bulwinkle's committee would not permit ex-Senator Reed to cross-examine Alice Barrows and her five friends. Reed could have torn their testimony to shreds.

In the spring of 1934, Washington was full of New Dealish and pro-Communist Newspaper Guildsmen. They had a Roman holiday at the expense of Dr. Wirt.

One of the notable exceptions to the newsmen's handling of the Wirt Case, be it said to his everlasting credit, was David Lawrence.

The *Nation* and the *New Republic* merely sneered. They evinced no interest in the rights of anti-Communists.

Day after day, on its editorial page, the *New York Times* heaped scorn and ridicule on Dr. Wirt. The *Times* unwittingly gave the Communist game away when it said, editorially, that "the general amusement created by [Wirt's] attempt to unmask revolutionary conspiracies and betrayers of the President's confidence will surely have the effect of banishing fears on that score for a long time to come." The *Times* said further that "the great 'plot' which [Wirt] thought he had uncarthed is certain to expire in the midst of inextinguishable laughter." That was precisely the game of the Communists and the New Dealers.

They would make a spectacle of Dr. Wirt and, in so doing, serve notice to beware the consequences on any others who might essay to expose Communists in the Federal Government.

Time Magazine joined the journalistic chorus of ridicule, as was to be expected. Said *Time*: "But not even from the mouths of these obscure individuals was alarmist Dr. Wirt able, on the stand, to substantiate his lurid allegations." The so-called "obscure individuals" were Alice Barrows and her five friends.

Now and again, Alice Barrows has bobbed out of her obscurity to appear publicly as the champion of Communist enterprises. As these words go to press, the newest of the Communist-front organizations has just made its appearance, the National Committee to Win Amnesty for the Smith Act Victims. Listed among the supporters of this newest Communist enterprise is Alice Barrows, erstwhile Government employee in the Office of Education and hostess of the famous dinner of September 1, 1933. The chairman of the organization is none other than Edward K. Barsky, who really did serve a jail term for contempt of Congress. The treasurer is Carl Marzani, who really did serve a jail term for perjury.

In 1950, Alice Barrows was affiliated with the notorious Civil Rights Congress, cited as Communist by the Attorney General.

In 1948, Alice Barrows came out of her obscurity long enough to head the arts, sciences, and professions division of the Communist campaign to elect Henry A. Wallace President of the United States. In 1949, she sponsored the Waldorf-Astoria Conference of the National Council of the Arts, Sciences, and Professions, an enterprise dedicated to the Soviet conspiracy to overthrow the Government of the United States.

While she was still a Government employee, Miss Barrows served as a prominent functionary of the following Communist organizations: American League for Peace and Democracy, National Federation for Constitutional Liberties, and Wash-

ington Committee for Democratic Rights.

Even at this late date, it would be interesting to put Alice Barrows under oath before a Congressional investigating committee. I can think of a hundred questions to ask her about the Wirt dinner and about her subsequent active and prominent support of the Communist conspiracy.

For all practical purposes in today's political nomenclature, liberal and New Deal are synonymous. Aside from their long tenure of office, the principal achievement of the liberals or New Dealers since 1933 has been to develop to a high degree of effectiveness the techniques of the anti-anti-Communist.

*(This is the last in a series of three articles
on COMMUNISTS AND THE NEW DEAL)*

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A-3

DOWN TO

By Alan Devoe

EARTH

“Scientifiction”

THERE has become immensely popular, these days, a kind of tale that has earned a special name: scientifiction. As this somewhat barbarous, hybrid name indicates, “scientifiction” undertakes a blending of scientific fact (or at any rate, scientific possibility) with romantic inventiveness; and, as any reader of the literature knows, it commonly pushes both its science and its fiction to the far, far limits of fantasy, and then beyond. Starting with such modern scientific facts as atomic energy, radar, supersonic aircraft and rockets, and with such perennial romantic facts as love and heroism, worship and war, scientifiction soars off into a tumultuous dream-realm of interplanetary travel, telepathic Martians dressed in everlasting suits of midrionite, and romances occurring between Queen Aagara of Jupiter and Urg, Son of Glog.

At its prevalent worst, scientifiction is noxious junk. But then, so is much work in many fields. At its carefully controlled, imaginative

best, scientifiction may open out fresh magics for creative energy and imagination. There are a few of the scientifictioneers (to compound barbarism into monstrosity) who have a good deal more to say than the mere spinning of a comic-book fantasy wherewith to jolt dull minds and stir insensitive imaginations.

There are craftsmen — there occur to mind, for instance, Gerald Heard, C. S. Lewis, Ray Bradbury — whose use of never-never narrative and ingenious science-poetry is use with a purpose. They are enabled to say, in Venus-terms, Jupiter-terms, things difficult if not impossible to say in earth-terms. They can create, nearly, new languages, and so utter in interstellar vocabulary earth-insights hardly possible otherwise to articulate. C. S. Lewis, not precisely a scientifictioneer but essentially a member of the company, is an orthodox Christian, a member of the Church of England. Mr. Bradbury's theology is not explicit, but he is profoundly

concerned with matters both metaphysical and moral. Mr. Heard is an extraordinary philosopher-mystic-scientist, who with equal ease and dedication can write *romans policiers* or skull-cracking treatises on ethics and epistemology (as could and did, in his different way, the late G. K. Chesterton). Speaking as it were disguised, through the masks of a new dimension, from Mars, from Saturn, from Perelandra, men of this talent have managed to "scientifictionize" such ancient, earth-dusty subjects as the Fall of Man, the meaning of sin, the meaning of beatitude, and further to "scientifictionize" such high-soaring subjects as angels, devils, paradise and hell.

IT WOULD be very difficult to get a man to buy at a news counter a copy of *The Nature of Consciousness*. It would probably be all but impossible to get him to purchase (for reading on the train as he whisks from Chicago to Cincinnati for the shoe-salesmen's convention) a copy of a work with a title like *Elementary Criteriology*, however beguileful the jacket might be made with bursting bosoms and long white thighs. But men buy by the hundreds of thousands, and read in absorbed concentration, *The Martian Miracle*, *The Space-Ship Adventure*, and *Beyond the Moon*. If the buyer has been lucky enough to hit upon one of the superior works in the scientifiction field, he may go rattling and swaying

all the way from city to city as under a spell, his imagination kindled and his emotional and intellectual responses excited, by what is really (under the appearance of a narrative of lunar landscape, hypnotized robot, and Solar the Cosmic King) an imaginative presentation of difficult truths and problems.

Many men of science detest and despise scientifiction with a hot or glacial fury. Many clergymen (if presumably in more charitable spirit) despise it too. It may be noted that the better it is, the angrier it makes them. Mere comic-book junk, the shoddy dream-stuff confected for the moron trade, they can dismiss with a casual contempt almost benevolent. But when they find a scientifictioneer of craftsmanship and insight—a man who starts from sound knowledge, and then re-presents that knowledge in strange imaginative ways and vivifies it by techniques of intelligently creative manipulation—well, then they are in a rage.

A bishop, a while ago, burst into a fierce public splutter about some novels of C. S. Lewis. It could not be charged, to be sure, His Grace conceded, that Mr. Lewis's fundamental Christian doctrine is faulty. It has to be admitted that Mr. Lewis is evidently a man who has thought deeply, and who does not write of his angels and demons in any mere slovenly ignorance. But, hang it, how *unsound* the man is! In what shimmering dream-stuffs, what wild

and improbable narratives, he does dress the old realities of Scripture! And so (thought His Grace), Mr. Lewis misleads people. He is dangerous. He takes bare bones of facts and casts bewitchment on them, so that they rise and live, in strange shapes and colors and visionary wonder, to ensorcerize the people.

THIS matter of scientifiction and its critics has come to mind in this season, in the drowsy, dreaming days of cicada-droning summer, because of the appearance upon the news-racks of a paper-bound book called *Wild Animals I Have Known*. Small boys may be observed paying out their quarters for it. So may grown men. They may be observed, bug-eyed with delighted attention, reading it on long journeys. Not many, perhaps, trouble to notice the little book's copyright history. Ernest Thompson Seton wrote it more than fifty years ago.

Seton, one is made to realize on reflection, was in his odd and special way a pioneer of scientifiction.

No radar, no sonar, no rockets. Seton's scene was this earth, his characters its animals. In short, he was a naturalist. But he was virtually the first naturalist to present his nature-lore as fiction, to transpose science into romantic narrative, to change animals from textbook creatures into living, breathing individualities and to translate "data" into imaginative drama. There had been plenty of books about rabbits.

Seton invented a particular rabbit, called Raggylug, "from his torn and ragged ear." There had been plenty of texts — dry, precise, accurate, complete — about crows. Seton invented Silverspot, "stronger and wiser than his fellows . . . a great leader . . . a genius." He invented Lobo, the wolf, the King of Currumpaw. He invented Redruff, Partridge of Don Valley. He invented animals in a vast host, and put them into tales wherein a textbook-thing like "instinct" became the Sky-Father Guiding His Wood-Folk, and wherein a rheumatically rabbit was so wise as to "seek teaberry tonic in the thickets," and wherein Vix, a mother fox, was at pains to teach her cubs Ten Rules of Life.

The prose was frankly lamentable, as any ninth grade teacher of English composition could quickly judge. Occasionally it was metrical, in the way prose never has any business to be, and it was continually flecked and flawed with impossible words in dreadful taste, like "thrillsome." As for the natural history, the science, well — it was evident that Seton knew a lot of natural history, and must have watched a lot of foxes and wolves and rabbits and the rest, and doubtless had brooded considerably upon matters like instinct and the nature of animal consciousness and so on; but in what lurid yarns of exaggeration, speculation and sheer fantasy he did choose to present all this! No doubt it was scarcely surprising.

For he was a flamboyant man, Seton, a romantic and an extremist. He waxed his moustache and called his house Seton Castle. He wore his hair almost as long as Buffalo Bill's, was accustomed to being addressed in all solemnity as "Chief," and believed he had a mystic gift of "seeing with the ancestral pineal eye." He thought spirit-messages came to him when the Buffalo Wind blew over the prairies. He was the kind of figure of whom it is almost pathetically easy to make fun. And the critics of his nature scientifiction did not fail to make it.

THIS year is the fiftieth anniversary of the demolition of Thompson Seton (or Seton-Thompson; he switched his names back and forth like a conjurer). A good many severe scientists had for some years, around the turn of the century, been laboriously discovering and pointing out — what was as plain as fireworks in a cathedral — the existence of exaggeration, implausibility, and off-balance interpretations in his high-colored animal tales. Then in 1903 the sober-minded dean of American naturalists, John Burroughs, published the criticism which was to finish Seton for good. *Wild Animals I Have Known*, said Burroughs, should properly be called *Wild Animals I Alone Have Known*; and the sage of Slabsides tore Seton's stories to bits.

That was in 1903. Now it is 1953. Over the rolling half-century, there

have been all the Scribner editions of Seton, and then all the Grosset & Dunlap editions (and the English and the German and the Scandinavian and the Japanesc, and all the others on all the continents); and now on the newsstands, amid *The Martian Miracle* and *Beyond the Moon*, amid the plunging necklines and the split-skirt lovelies, behold here, imperishable, Redruff the Partridge and Lobo, King of Cur-rumpaw. As the travelers whisk cross-country in their trains, new legions of minds, in this Atomic Age, are being stimulated to enlarged awareness of all that animal life which — for all the stern, reliable textbooks long available — they had scarcely, until now, realized existed.

CHIEF, they tell me a bishop thinks C. S. Lewis painfully *outré* and misleading. It is reported, Chief, that there is a research scientist who disapproves of Bradbury. All this, I take it, wherever you are — wolf-tracking, I daresay, across Perelandra, where the Buffalo Wind blows forever and the pineal eye never closes in sleep — will scarcely surprise and certainly not dismay you. For it will but confirm that truth you always knew, in your particular nature-terms, about the perennial fate of scientifiction: that nobody likes it, nobody finds it stimulating and rewarding, nobody feels how it enlarges vision and spell-binds interest and expands understanding — nobody but the people.

Special Assistant



DONEGAN

By NELSON FRANK

FOUR MONTHS before he was first publicly named by Whittaker Chambers, Alger Hiss had been questioned by Thomas J. Donegan, Special Assistant to the Attorney General of the United States, before the federal grand jury that a few months later was to indict him and start him on his way to prison. Nearly a year before Elizabeth Bentley publicly named William Remington, he was queried before the same jury. So, too, was a seemingly minor employee of one of Miss Bentley's contacts—a man named Harry Gold who was to be a key witness in the espionage trial of Julius and Esther Rosenberg, as well as the American contact of atomic-energy spy Klaus Fuchs.

Even now there are scores of names in the secret minutes of this and subsequent juries that Tom Donegan keeps carefully locked up.

But in time, it may be hoped, they will form the basis for some of the key espionage trials in the ever-growing effort of the American people to protect themselves from the Soviet enemy.

Probably because of his baker's dozen of years as an agent and official of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, Tom Donegan has a tendency to avoid publicity. Though he can be most friendly with newspapermen and fill them in to the fullest extent compatible with his sworn duty to protect the secrets entrusted to him, he always manages to keep himself in the background. One of the results of this is that this man who ranks as one of the best-informed in the nation on Soviet espionage is scarcely known to the nation he serves so well.

At the time he resigned from the FBI in 1946, Tom Donegan was

known widely among his fellow-workers as "The Hat." This was because of his habit of always being so busy coming in or going out that he seemed rarely to enter the offices without having on his hat.

Now especially assigned to running down subversives in the United Nations, he has calmed down a bit. A small, wiry man with an intensity that is masked by a poker-player's face, he listens carefully and nods over his ever-present pipe as people tell him things he must have known years ago. In the office he rates in the Federal Court House in New York City, he has the trim desk of the trained FBI man. In a bookcase with a special lock on it, he has the 20-odd volumes of testimony which hundreds of witnesses have helped to fill either by their revelations or their refusals to talk. He knows that the seemingly unimportant detail of today may become the keystone in a future arch of a federal case; and his memory is nearly as valuable as the index he keeps constantly up to date.

To a man with his background, the data available is important to have at hand. For the people who refused to talk lest they incriminate themselves, or talked glibly and lied, are all characters he expects to come into contact with again in the future. And when he does they will be confronted with the need to defend themselves against the accusations of having acted against the best

interests of the American people and their government, even though the specific charge may be as simple as perjury.

Both Harry Gold and his former employer, Abraham Brothman, were let go after their testimony before Donegan and his inquisitive jurors. But later they were called back. Initially there had been nothing to disprove their stories except the word of one courageous woman and the suspicions of Tom Donegan and the boys of the FBI. But when the time came to find the man described by Fuchs, the grand jury minutes offered a source of information.

TOM DONEGAN was born in Brooklyn, where, after preliminary education, he went on to Columbia University for his A.B. degree and then to Fordham Law School. Almost immediately after graduating from law school he took a cram course with a witty and brilliant lawyer he was to meet later in life — one Harold Medina. He passed his first exams and became a lawyer, but a little over a year of practicing convinced him that he'd like to try that other field open to able young lawyers, the FBI.

He entered the service in the fall of 1933 and almost at once was sent to Cincinnati, where he became involved in the Dillinger case. He followed this through to its ending in an alley next to a movie, but missed the final bloody shooting scene, and then shifted to home

territory in New York City. Assorted cases of a serious criminal nature, including a look-in on the Lindbergh case, generally occupied his time. Then he was moved to Washington, where he had the rank of supervisor in administrative work.

It was here that he first became aware of the Communist threat, through files he read. But the FBI was then a small organization with a vast field to cover and Tom Donegan, after two years at the head office, was again back in New York dealing with whatever crime came along. Then to Newark, New Jersey as Special Agent in Charge for a year; and finally back to New York, where he was put in charge of two of the nation's first spy cases — one Nazi, the other Communist.

He doesn't put it that way, but it is significant that in the case of the Nazi group of Fritz Duquesne, the Government used the evidence compiled under the direction of Donegan to send them to jail. In the Communist case — that of one Gaik Ovakimian — after keeping it hanging fire for some months while the principal character wandered around on bail, it was decided by the Attorney General's office to release Gaik, drop the subject, and permit his return to Russia.

The newspapers of the time cited the fact that between Ovakimian's arrest and release, Stalin had started defending himself against Hitler's army and so the changed situation made the dropping of the case

desirable — according to the officials in Washington who made the decision. It was this Ovakimian who was to turn up again and again in the later work of Donegan. Seemingly unimportant contacts of his were later connected with the top spies named by Elizabeth Bentley years later. A whole generation of spies, in fact, was tied to this man who was sent home without punishment.

BY THIS time the United States was nearly in the war, too, and Tom Donegan was the man who, as head of the FBI espionage section, was closest to the spies, Red and otherwise. He was in charge of investigating the German saboteurs who came by submarine to destroy American industry and ended before they had started, in an American electric chair. They did far less damage than the Rosenbergs, for example, but there were no committees of ministers or scientists speaking up for them.

In the co-ordinated operations of the Army, Navy, and FBI in New York, it was Donegan who sat in on the conferences as spokesman for the FBI. He found a friendly and sympathetic compatriot in the Naval Intelligence representative, Captain Roscoe McFall. The captain knew the facts about Communism from his own counter-intelligence department, headed by a pink-cheeked young officer named Robert Morris.

With the end of the war, the FBI

was just getting its teeth into the startling details offered it by Elizabeth Bentley and meshing them with its own by-now-considerable files. Donegan was asked by the Department of Justice to handle a special grand jury that was to go into the Bentley charges.

FOR A YEAR and a half he was busy presenting witnesses to the jury. It isn't generally known that Miss Bentley, too, knew of Hiss and on her recollection — at second-hand though it was — the distinguished man was called. As he was to do later, at his peril, he denied everything.

William Remington, fearing that there might be some pictures of him and Miss Bentley, admitted much but denied the main allegations. Others fell into these two categories: Either they knew nothing about the charges, or they had a completely innocent reason for having done what they did. But the record that was being made would always be there. People who told one story before the jury would have to live with that story forever or else change and tell the true one.

Then came the Whittaker Chambers revelations and, more important, their documentation. The facts that (then) Congressman Richard Nixon dug out became the basis of an indictment secured by Tom Donegan.

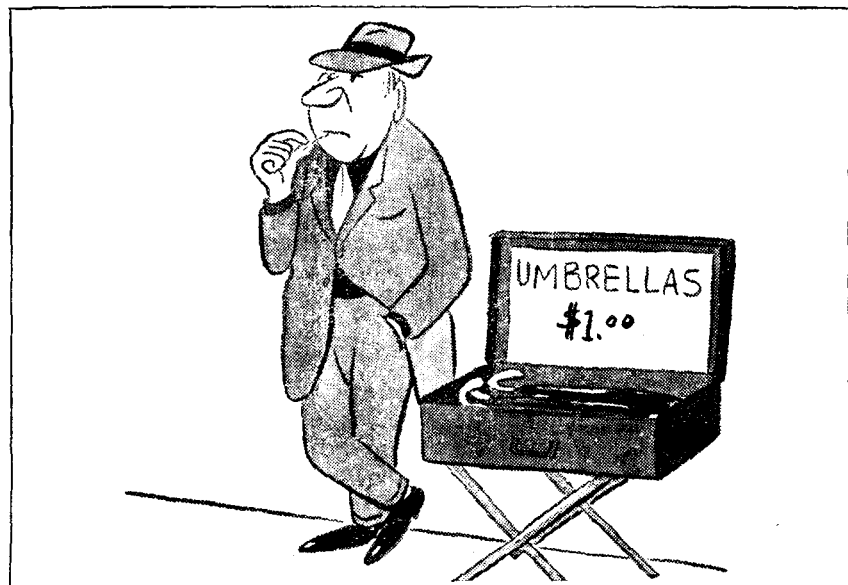
At the request of the Government it was Donegan who was sent to Hawaii, first, to get the indictment

of the Smith Act Communists, and later to be on hand as the actual trial got under way. In between, he continued to present witnesses and data, convinced that the record he was making would some day pull in a whole network of spies.

How does he work? Said one juror: "He's a tough cross-examiner with a sound knowledge of what he wants to bring out. Completely sure of himself, he is at the same time objective in handling witnesses. And instead of leaving the jurors to blunder along, he explains the situation constantly and then asks if that is what they'd like to do . . ."

It was UN Ambassador Henry Cabot Lodge who, recently, after leaving a Donegan grand jury session, said: "If I could only have the Russian people see what went on today, how democracy is really at work! Here are a group of people from every walk of life taking time out of their everyday work to see that justice is done . . ."

This followed a hearing with a jury working on the current Donegan project. For Attorney General Herbert Brownell, Jr. appointed him to present to the jurors evidence on perjury, espionage, or other crimes against the American people by United States citizens working for the United Nations. Almost at once, the name of Hiss came on the scene. There will be other names, too, from the earlier hearings; and if a case can be made of the evidence, Donegan will make it.



BAD

BY HARRY THOMPSON

BOOZE

===== IS ===== BIG BUSINESS =====

THOSE men are here again! Once more the biggest racket in the United States is moonshining and bootlegging. The steady, month-by-month increase in production disclosed by Federal Government figures indicates to research authorities that nearly 35 per cent of all liquor now being consumed in the United States had its origin in illicit stills. And every time a gallon of moonshine flows from a still, the Federal Government is cheated of \$10.50 in excise taxes. Some authorities assert that the moonshiners — since 1947 — annually cheat federal, state, and municipal governments out of the staggering sum of more than \$1,000,000,000.

This moonshine (except in some Southern states where it is bought as such in nose-denting Mason jars) is beautifully flavored, colored, bottled and labeled with all the well known brands of Scotch, bourbon, rye, gin and such.

It is "pushed" to bars, night clubs, stores and individuals under the guise of having been smuggled in — tax free — from Bermuda, having been hi-jacked, or stolen by a truck driver.

Compared to the "hooch" of Prohibition days it's pretty good stuff. Ninety-five per cent of the countless thousands of gallons seized in Federal Government raids has been classified by the Government chemists as "chemically pure" and "fit for beverage purposes." As to the packaging — well, even W. W. Wachtel, president of Calvert Distillers, admits he cannot distinguish his own Baltimore bottle from that of the bootleggers. Only his nose knows when he opens the bottle.

To give you a quick idea of what's going on, let's take a glance at some of our Government's own records. In the fiscal year of 1946, agents of the Alcohol & Tobacco Tax Division of the U. S. Bureau of Internal Revenue seized 5,006 stills with a total daily capacity of 131,894 proof gallons, in coast-to-coast raids. In the fiscal year 1953 agents seized 8,237 stills with a daily capacity of 275,431 gallons. *This marked an increase over 1946 of 46.5 per cent in stills seized and an increase of 108.8 per cent in daily capacity.* Naturally, there are no records of the undetected stills, which continued to operate.

WHY HAS moonshining and bootlegging, ushering in a new reign of murder and political corruption, once again become big business? The reasons are as simple as ABC:

1. The highest federal excise tax in history — a present day increase of 367 per cent since 1939. This creates a money-making temptation seemingly impossible for law scuffers to resist.

2. The resultant high prices of legal liquor and the rebellion of the public against soaring retail prices.

3. Lack of enforcement against the moonshiners. The Federal Government today has less than 900 agents — the smallest force in years.

4. Laxity of prosecution and the apathetic attitude of the courts, seemingly regarding moonshining and bootlegging as no more serious than traffic violations.

5. The huge profits accruing to the moonshiners — better than \$3.00 a gallon — and the very small risks incurred.

Let's beat back for a better understanding. On at least three previous occasions in U. S. history moonshining activity precipitated by high taxes reached proportions which resulted in a breakdown of federal, state and local regulations surrounding the manufacture and sale of legal liquor. The first was the ill-fated effort of the Federal Government to impose increasing taxes on the distillation of spirits from 1791 to 1801 which resulted in the "Whiskey Re-

billion" — and repeal of the tax. The second occurred in the Civil War, when a tax of sixty cents a gallon was imposed in 1864, raised in the same year to \$1.50 and to \$2.00 the following January, bringing the tax to between eight and twelve times the production cost of from seventeen to twenty-five cents.

Adoption of the 18th (Prohibition) Amendment in 1919 brought on the third wave of nation-wide illegal distilling. Large-scale, syndicate-type illicit distilling and distribution (now back with us) got under way within a year to fill the unprecedented vacuum between supplies and the actual consumer demand. The racketeers in the Prohibition Era produced around 170,000,000 gallons annually of so-called "whiskey" — *and according to some estimates they are producing nearly half that amount today.*

THESE illegal operations continued well after the Repeal Amendment was passed in 1933. Although the Repeal Amendment was ratified by the 36 states by the close of 1933, it was not until 1939 that all but three states actually set up the machinery for legal sale within their borders. And the legal industry after thirteen years of enforced idleness, needed some five years in which to build up stocks to meet consumer demand. These factors left the racketeers of the Prohibition era a substantial, if steadily declining, market for illegal liquor until the very late

thirties, when legal sales increased.

Public groups and legislators of the early repeal period were determined to keep taxes on legal spirits at reasonable levels so that the newly-reinstated legal industry would be able to compete with the well-entrenched illegal industry. The joint report of the House Ways and Means Committee and the Senate Finance Committee in 1933 stated that price competition must be facilitated by *"keeping the tax burden on liquor comparatively low to permit the legal industry to offer more severe competition to the illegal competitor."* During this same period a study group sponsored by John D. Rockefeller, in a report, warned: *"The temptation to load on the liquor trade all our government deficits should be resisted at all costs, for high taxes will produce high prices and will thus make inevitable the continuance of the moonshiners, the bootlegger, and the whole system of corruption."*

As a result, prior to World War II, Federal excise taxes had been increased with much caution, rising slowly from \$1.10 at repeal to \$3.00 in 1940 and \$4.00 in 1941. Then in 1942 the Government increased the tax to \$6.00 per gallon and in 1944, in a second war-time emergency tax kicked it to \$9.00 — bringing the federal tax alone to over eight times the cost of production. Then in November, 1951 came the new law that *really* put the moonshiners in business. The Government raised the tax to \$10.50 per gallon. In the same

category with that old saying, "The operation was successful but the patient died," you can add, "The tax went up but the revenue went down." In the first three months following the tax hike, federal revenue was \$398,231,433 — or 22.7 per cent less than the \$514,921,123 collected in the comparable months of the preceding year. And that revenue continues to drop! It's the same old story ever since the Whiskey Rebellion, and the Civil War.

Why does the public rebel at present day prices of liquor? Today an average \$4.27 bottle of whiskey of the blended variety, selling in the average state, carries a combined federal, state and local tax burden of \$2.38 — *more than half the selling price.* The bootlegger delivers something actually just as good for half the price.

GOVERNMENT officials wince when asked if the law of diminishing returns in legal tax rates has been reached. They think the tax should be greatly reduced. They get red faced when asked about enforcement staffs. The numbers of enforcement agents go down, as taxes go up. When the tax was \$3.00, there were 1300 enforcement agents. Now, with the highest tax in history there are less than 900 to cover all the United States. Here are some startling figures resulting from a survey completed by Licensed Beverage Industries, Inc., the public relations and research organization of the

legitimate distillers of the U. S.:

Thirty per cent of all moonshiners who are convicted receive neither fines nor jail sentences.

Others are fined as little as \$10.00 — and in one case a convicted moonshiner was fined one cent.

Laxity of prosecution permits repeated offense — for example, the Newark, N. J., man who during the last 18 months has been arrested at four different large stills which have cheated federal and state governments of more than \$10,000,000 of revenue, and has not faced trial on any of these charges.

Commenting on the startling statistics on light — if any — sentencing of convicted moonshiners, Mr. Wachtel, of Calvert Distillers, asserted “no one, law enforcement officials, courts, or the public in general, is conscious of the situation. Despite still seizures and arrests of moonshiners in countless thousands annually, apathetic courts and prosecutors still treat moonshining and bootlegging as they did during Prohibition, when the bootlegger was the symbol of the average man’s protest against Prohibition.”

What is the output of the illegal distilling industry? Only the operators of the stills have any idea. How long did the seized stills operate before seizure? Government officials estimate the life of a still at 37 days. If we assume only 37 days operations of the illicit stills seized in 1952, we would have had an output of at least 26,455,000 gallons. If we

take a sixty-day operation figure (which is much more likely), the output would have been 42,900,000 gallons.

Federal officials have estimated that the number of unseized stills is at least two to one and the writer, who has made numerous investigations into this field, believes the number to be considerably higher.

Now, what shall we do about it? The writer has talked at great length with the distillers, spokesmen for the LBI — and even bootleggers. Objective recommendations follow:

Reduce the federal excise tax on whiskey and increase the federal enforcement staff.

Offer agents adequate salaries and insure a staff of men of integrity and ability.

Bring moonshiners and bootleggers to trial promptly, not permitting those out on bail to return to the old occupation while awaiting trial.

Make punishment fit the crime.

Empower and require agents to carry on investigations, to determine the source of raw materials, bottles, labels, so as to apprehend all parties.

I’ve written about the present day stuff, and its purity, but beware. When competition gets keener it won’t stay that way. Only recently an Atlanta bootlegger who did not know that adding wood alcohol to moonshine was harmful, killed 41, blinded four, and hospitalized 350.

So watch your drink!

The HOUSE



ACROSS

By James Andrew Mayer

THE STREET

RANKING second on the list of famous residences in Washington is an unimpressive, four-story, brick-and-stucco mansion at 1651 Pennsylvania Avenue, generally referred to locally as "The House Across the Street," but more widely known throughout the country and the world as Blair House.

This is the place that accommodates the steady stream of the great, the near-great, and the once-were-great from all parts of the world, who visit the National Capital as official guests of the U. S. Government.

Here is where Princess Elizabeth, now Queen of Britain, stayed on her visit a few years ago. Here also stayed Foreign Minister Molotov of Russia when he came to Washington in 1942 in what is laughingly referred to as "incognito," as "Mr. Smith" — or was it "Mr. Brown"?

Here slept such noted figures as Prime Ministers Schuman, Bidault, Mayer and DeGaulle of France; Churchill and Attlee of Britain; Adenauer of Germany and St. Laurent of Canada. Presidents, soldiers, statesmen, kings, deposed kings and pretenders from all parts of the

world, and the colorful princes of Arabia, all stop at Blair House when in Washington. And the beneficent American taxpayer always picks up the chit.

Architecturally and historically there is little to distinguish Blair House from any one of a hundred old Washington residences. It has none of the grace or charm of Mt. Vernon, the simple dignity of the White House, the imagination of Monticello, or the distinguishing features of other famous American dwelling places. It is simply a comfortable, roomy, pleasant-looking structure of no particular period or school of design. Its sole claim to a place in American history, and the sole reason for its present importance, is its location — almost directly across Pennsylvania Avenue from the White House.

Blair House was built in 1824 by the first Surgeon-General of the U. S. Army, Dr. Joseph Lovell. After General Lovell's death it was purchased by Francis Preston Blair, who had come from Kentucky to Washington in search of fame and fortune, on the election of his friend, Andrew Jackson, to the Presidency.

WHILE lasting fame eluded Blair, he did attain some prominence as a friend and confidant of the President and, thanks to Jackson's sponsorship, he certainly attained a fortune.

As a result of the President's backing, Blair founded the *Washington Globe* as the official newspaper of the Democratic Party, and in partnership with John C. Rives founded the *Washington Record*, which until the 1870's was the official journal of Congress. Profits from these thriving ventures were added to by lush government printing contracts, and with a canny eye to the future, Blair invested heavily in real estate.

Blair House remained in the family through three generations, and for more than a century. Originally a two-story dwelling, a third and finally a fourth story were added by the Blairs. Shortly before the outbreak of the Civil War, Blair built a connecting residence for his only daughter, who married Admiral Samuel P. Lee, a distant connection of the famous Lee family of Virginia (and a Yankee Lee, suh, one of the small handful of Virginians who fought on the side of the Federals in the War Between the States).

Throughout World War II Blair House was rented by the Government, and in 1946 it and the connecting Lee House were purchased by the State Department from the Blair family, for a total of \$458,000, and made the official residence of visiting dignitaries.

During recent years Blair House and its famous guests have been the subject of some of official Washington's funniest and most unprintable stories, all of which are gravely and officially denied by the humorless Department of State.

One of the few printable anecdotes concerned a visiting Royal Personage (of the feminine sex) whom a journalistic Peeping Tom thought he had spotted dressing in an upstairs bedroom window. He described this event in some detail in the next morning's paper, to the outrage of the Division of Protocol of the Department of State and a most influential foreign embassy. Not so, the State Department declared, ponderously. It was not the Princess at all, it was one of her ladies-in-waiting. The Princess did not happen to be occupying that particular room, the State Department spokesman coldly insisted, and besides she wasn't dressing at that particular time, anyway.

Blair House is also subject of one of the best-kept official secrets in the Government. Labeled as "top-secret" and not even available to members of Congress, is the annual cost of maintaining the establishment and entertaining the distinguished visitors.

"If you had a guest in your home," a State Department official once said, reproachfully, "you certainly wouldn't go around telling everybody how much it cost you, would you?"



Third Party Coming?

BY PATRICK McMAHON

PROBABLY the most important, and potentially the most historic aspect of the first six months of President Eisenhower's administration has almost completely escaped the attention of the general public. It has even been missed, or at least ignored, by the vast horde of professional observers who by newspaper, radio, television and tip-sheet, regale the nation with daily interpretations of Washington affairs.

Wittingly or unwittingly, the General in the White House — a political novice up for his first season in the Big League — is developing the nucleus of what could be a new political party.

Even more important, the President has set into motion political trends which could, and very possibly may, put an end to the two-party system in the United States. The unmistakable direction in which the political trends are pointing is toward a multi-party system of Right, Left, and Center, with the

Eisenhower moderates sandwiched in between the traditional Republicans and the Truman-Stevenson Democrats.

To be sure, any one of a dozen developments could change the whole course of events. The gap between the President and his conservative leaders on the Hill may yet be bridged; he might win them, one by one, over to his middle-of-the-road policies, or he himself could veer to new compromises closer to their line of thinking. There is still no indication that either the President and his aides on the one hand, or their critics within the Republican Party on the other, have any real desire to force a sweeping political re-alignment. Nevertheless, even the most firmly-rooted political traditions are vulnerable to the tide of events.

POLITICAL parties have split into fractions, or have died to be replaced by new parties, in spite of, as often as because of, the desires and the efforts of political leaders. And not

since the Republican Party was born at the Whig deathbed a century ago have circumstances been so auspicious — or so ominous — for a wholesale shake-up of partisan organization. The mortar of political expediency and just sheer habit which has held the Southern Democrats and the Northern liberals somewhat shakily together for more than a generation, crumbled badly during the last two Presidential campaigns. And it shows new signs of erosion with each new meeting of the Americans for Democratic Action.

And now the Republican President and his administration are split from the Republican leaders in both houses of Congress by fundamental differences in every important area of foreign and domestic policy.

When President Eisenhower entered the White House, most of the leaders of his party, and a very substantial portion of the electorate, believed that he was firmly committed to four definite pledges: an "honorable" peace in Korea; a firmer policy toward Red imperialism; a balanced budget; and tax reductions, now. Throughout his campaign General Eisenhower had emphasized and re-emphasized another pledge, one little noticed either by the politicians or the public. He promised a policy of moderation.

And whatever his failures may have been in regards to the first four campaign pledges, he certainly has kept the last one to the letter. The characteristics that have marked ev-

ery Eisenhower policy and every Eisenhower program are Moderation, Compromise, and Caution.

Over the long pull, and particularly during stretches approaching "normalcy," the American people lean heavily to moderate policies in political affairs. Nevertheless, the unfortunate lesson of political history is that in times of acute stress and high emotionalism, the inevitable fate of the compromising moderate is to draw the heaviest fire from extremists of all factions. It is almost trite to observe that this is — and for a long time will continue to be — a period of acute stress and high emotionalism, in every area of national and international affairs. And, in every area of national and international affairs, President Eisenhower's policies are drawing fire from left and right, including that of powerful and responsible leaders of his own party, both in the Senate and in the House.

IN THE FIELD of foreign affairs, each cautious new step by the President and Secretary Dulles is greeted by outcries of anger, alarm, and dismay in the chancelleries of Europe and the Far East. These outcries are quickly taken up over here by a substantial segment in Congress and the press who firmly believe that almost any departure from the Truman-Acheson policy is likely to extend the war in Asia, and possibly expand it to the entire world.

On the other hand, to a powerful

group of Republicans (and many Democrats) in Congress, the new "firmer" policy toward the Soviet Union looks more and more like the old Truman-Acheson policy slightly warmed over, and seasoned a bit with Winston Churchill's favorite and familiar sauce of "personal diplomacy." Recollections of Churchillian "personal diplomacy" are causing some outbreaks of acute indigestion on Capitol Hill.

The most striking illustration of the unpopularity of President Eisenhower's foreign policy was the speech of Senator Taft last May, when he advocated a "go-it-alone" policy in the Far East, in event of a collapse of the Korean negotiations, and freely criticized both the United Nations and the NATO. It was interesting to note that it was Senator George, of Georgia, and a host of Democrats who leaped to the defense of the Republican President's foreign policy, when it was bluntly challenged by the Republican leader of the Senate. It is even more interesting that Senator Taft was merely saying out loud what a host of Republican Senators and Congressmen have been saying about their President's foreign policy, in the privacy of Party councils.

The President's struggles with the federal budget and his insistence on postponing tax reductions highlight his middle-of-the-road approach even more strikingly — and also its results. His refusal to go along with immediate tax cuts provoked open

revolt by Chairman Reed and the Republican members of the powerful Ways and Means Committee; his promise of tax cuts and revisions next year drew the criticisms of conservatives in both Houses who fear a continuation of an unbalanced budget at least through fiscal 1955, and resulting new inflationary pressures. His failure to cut expenditures enough to balance the budget this year has drawn sharp fire from those in his party who feel that his approach to the problem was too timid; yet every major cut drew equally severe outbursts from defense-minded legislators of both parties.

AND so it goes. The President's "trade, not aid" speeches on the tariff issue so provoked traditionally protectionist-minded Republicans, that the Administration had to enlist a Democrat on the House Ways and Means Committee to introduce its own bill to extend the Reciprocal Trade Act. Yet the free-traders in Congress and the press, who had regarded General Eisenhower as one of their very own, now look upon him as a backslider, because he has tempered his previous position by suggesting some tariff protection for vulnerable industries. The conservationists and public power advocates accuse the Administration of selling out the nation's resources; adherents to unfettered free enterprise criticize it for moving too slowly in liquidating

the "socialistic" projects of the New Deal. Labor is sure that whatever policy the Administration finally comes up with will be bad for the unions. Farmers and their representatives in Congress, verging on revolt at falling prices, blame them on the Administration's dislike for the price support program.

That is the dilemma faced by President Eisenhower and his policy of moderation and compromise, from the very outset. The strategy which he and his advisers have followed has been to go to all lengths to appease the opposition in their own party, and at the same time to build up a coalition of moderates from both parties, on all issues.

The first strategy has met with little success, thus far. The outspoken criticisms of Senator Taft and Congressman Reed are outward manifestations of increasing discontent of powerful Republican factions in both the House and the Senate. Conservative Republicans who waited 20 long years to win a Presidential election now feel with deep bitterness that they have been cheated of the fruits of their victory. The Eisenhower program is only a little closer to their views on national and international issues than were the Truman policies.

FROM the moderates of both parties, the President does appear to be building substantial support on most key issues. But here, too, he faces something of a dilemma. For

bi-partisan coalitions are shaky things under even the most favorable circumstances. Only in the field of foreign affairs, or under the stress of full-scale emergencies, have they even been attempted in this country, and the results were far from satisfactory.

The problem President Eisenhower now confronts, is to hold his coalition of moderates together on all major issues, domestic as well as foreign, civilian as well as defense. To succeed, he will have to make increasing concessions to his supporters, regardless of their party label. Those on whom he must depend in Capitol Hill, Democrats as well as Republicans, will insist on consultation, recognition and reward. When and if this develops, what is now an informal, bi-partisan, middle-of-the-road coalition will assume the framework and the trappings of a new political party. Then, one or both of the following are likely to transpire:

The conservative wing of the Republican Party will break off and form a new party of its own.

Or, the President and his supporters may abandon the present party machinery and build a new party around the coalition.

In either event, since the left wing Democrats already have the framework for their new party, in the ADA, complete with all the trappings plus Truman and Stevenson, the United States will have embarked on the multi-party system.

BY HAROLD LORD VARNEY

The Unknown Chiang Kai-shek

IS THE smear losing its potency? There are increasing signs that this once-deadly weapon is no longer bringing down its targets. The Leftist smear formula for silencing anti-Communists is beginning to backfire. It is bespattering its users.

An arresting case in point is Chiang Kai-shek. Few living men have been more thoroughly and mercilessly smeared in the American press and over the air waves than the indestructible Generalissimo. But he has survived the ordeal to regain a top place in American public admiration. It is his former traducers who are now in the public-opinion pillory.

Some day some propaganda analyst is going to set down the full story of the Chiang Kai-shek publicity-lynching as a case history of the smear technique at its most ruthless. It will be a humiliating story for fair-minded Americans. For seven years — roughly from 1943 to 1950 — the Generalissimo took everything that the superheated imagination of the hatists could direct against him. The accusations ran the gamut from military incompetence (Generals Stilwell and



Barr), moral iniquity (Drew Pearson), dictatorship (Philip J. Jaffe and a whole stable of IPR pedants) to the inconceivable charge of absconding with the national treasury (Senator Tom Connally). Had the Generalissimo actually been guilty of a fraction of the derelictions charged against him, he would long since have vanished into permanent historical oblivion. Instead, the sheer venom of the campaign in the end nauseated fair-spirited Americans. Today Chiang's Gallup rating, if it were polled, would undoubtedly stand at an all-time high.

An amusing bit of current Americana is the almost indecent fervor with which some of those who blackguarded the Generalissimo most cruelly, while the smearing was at its height, are now trying to explain away or deny their part in the obscene episode.

It is natural to ask what quality in the Generalissimo has enabled him to survive against such odds.

AT THE crest of Chiang's war-time prestige, Franklin D. Roosevelt paid him a tribute which probably places him permanently in history.

Writing to General Marshall, the late President said: "He [Chiang] came up the hard way to accomplish in a few years what it took us 200 years to achieve."

Were FDR alive today, the quality which he would undoubtedly find most definitive in the Generalissimo is his amazing self-certainty in disaster. Those who meet the Free China President in Formosa these days come away fascinated by the realization that here is a man who is completely sure of himself. He looks better in his shrunken realm of Formosa than he did in his great days in Nanking. He is powered by an unfaltering conviction that he will return to the mainland and again rule over a united Free China.

Without this iron faith of the Generalissimo, it is difficult to see how Formosa could go on. To a degree which is little realized by outsiders, Free China *is* Chiang Kai-shek. Take away this integrating figure and the will to defy Communism would quickly ebb away, in those still resistant.

One of the absurd preoccupations of some of our China experts for years has been to find a successor to Chiang. The query began in the sophomoric dispatches to the State Department of John P. Davies and John Stewart Service in 1944. It was the absorption of John Leighton Stuart during his blundering years as American Ambassador. Stuart finally came up with a candidate for

Chiang's post — the ineffective Li Tsung-jen. In the shattering days of late 1948, the belief that Li Tsung-jen could get American aid for China which was denied to Chiang touched off a palace revolution in Nanking. Chiang, against his better judgment, stepped aside to give Li the presidency. The result was such a tragic-comedy of blunders and irresolution that, within a year, all China except Formosa and the islands was lost to the Communists.

IN THIS tottering situation, Li found reasons to leave for the United States and Chiang was persuaded to resume the helm. He has held it with unshaken hands during the subsequent three years. And yet it is still a speculation of Lattimore-trained American writers on China that Formosa must retire Chiang and replace him with a "Third Force" leader. Where such a leader could be found, the speculators do not make clear.

Anyone with a touch of realism knows that such talk is the stuff of nonsense. There is no prospective or even potential successor on the Formosa horizon.

The wellspring of Chiang's inner certitude is probably his deep-seated Christianity. A Buddhist during his first forty years, Chiang's Christianity has in it the driving faith of the convert. Although a Methodist, the Old Testament quality of his Christianity suggests an analogy with Cromwell's cavalry, the Ironsides,

which Chiang likes to make. When he headed Whampoa, where the Kuomintang trained its elite officers, the example of the Ironsides was held up as a military ideal for the Kuomintang.

In this age of secularism, Chiang wears his Christianity as a shining armor. His days are punctuated by long periods of solitary prayer — inviolable even to the most important intrusions of State. He is given to long, semi-solitary walks, or retreats to the mountains, where he gives himself up to soul-searching meditation. Such a retreat was his withdrawal in 1950, after the final fall of the mainland, to Sun Moon Lake in the Formosa Hills, accompanied only by his son, Chiang Ching-kuo, to ponder China's future. Statesmen who are moved by a personal mystique, as is Chiang, find replenishment in such days of introspection.

A manifestation of his deeply religious approach was the New Life Movement of the 'thirties, which swept over China like a revival to regenerate the character of the Chinese people. Chiang was prompted to launch this strange movement by seeing a Chinese boy misbehaving on the street. The movement faded out, but it played its part in preparing the Chinese spiritually for their eight-year ordeal of war with Japan.

Another basic trait is his uncanny, probably intuitive sensing of the future. A striking example of this

was his fore-knowledge of the Pearl Harbor attack. Chiang sent a warning to the White House that the Japanese would attack, several days before the disaster. His warning was unheeded, but the Chiang prescience is on the record.

CHIANG'S unwavering rightness about the Communists is another of his distinctions. He did not discover the Russian menace only after V-J Day, as did so many of his contemporaries. He had lived with it and fought with it for a quarter of a century. It is interesting to note that his insistence on the bad faith of Russia led to one of his few disagreements with Sun Yat-sen, in 1923. Returning from Russia with an unfavorable report on the Soviets, Chiang was appalled to find his old master enmeshed in a Communist alliance. He resigned from Whampoa and withdrew for a time from political life, until Dr. Sun came around partly to his point of view.

But what stands out in relief is Chiang's recognition of the invulnerability of Formosa as a refuge for defeated Free China, at a time when his colleagues were insisting upon suicidal last stands in Szechwan, in Canton, or even in primitive Sikiang. The fact that there is a Free China at all in Formosa today must be credited almost entirely to Chiang's astute steps in 1948 and 1949 — taken against the embittered opposition of Li Tsung-jen. Today there is an inclination to

discount Chiang's military judgment, but in his selection of Formosa as the final battleground with Communism he showed inspired prevision of the militarily possible.

Yet another definitive trait in Chiang's character has been his unhesitating readiness to gamble fearlessly with his destiny. Again and again he has taken terrific risks with seeming indifference to his personal fate. He has always survived. To cite only a few instances, his secret mission to Manchuria in the days of Yuan Chih-kai; his voluntary sharing of captivity with Sun Yat-sen on the gunboat *Yung Feng* in 1922; his Peking journey in the interest of unification in 1929, when he placed himself in the power of two war lords who were in open rebellion against him; his unhesitating visit to Sian in 1936 to put down insurrection (a trip which resulted in his nine-day captivity) — these and other incidents are matched in the present by his incredible 1950 visit to Lu Han in Kweilin. Lu, who was already negotiating with the Communists, could easily have made the Generalissimo a prisoner.

THIS quality of iron fearlessness has been a decisive factor in the Generalissimo's long struggles with his less resolute rivals. Statesmen

who have this rare gift of living above fear often die; but if they survive, as has the Generalissimo, they accomplish the impossibles of history.

Such are a few of the revealing facets of this complex man. The real Chiang will undoubtedly remain unknown to most Americans. The overwhelming fact is that Chiang is a man of the East. Only twice in his life has he been outside Asia — his trip to Moscow in 1923, and his few days in Cairo in 1943. He speaks and reads no Western language; he is unacquainted at first hand with Western culture. A Christian, he nevertheless has deep roots in the long China past.

That this traditionalist Asiatic has had the political imagination to make himself the most West-oriented Far East leader of his time is a measure of his political acumen. Himself a thinker of the East, he has had the vision to surround himself with Western-educated associates who have given him an understanding window to the Western world. And the great of Europe and America have beaten a track to his door.

Chiang has come back a long way from his isolation of the cruel smear period. The reasons are to be found in himself.

» Give me the power to issue a nation's money, then I do not care who makes the laws.

— *Anselm Rothschild*

Kate Was an Old Rip

BY JAMES R. ASWELL

WE had been talking about the popularity of the uncanny on the stage these last few years. The man from Massachusetts displayed some pride that the latest Broadway offering of the sort, Arthur Miller's *The Crucible*, deals with witchcraft in Salem. There was a certain smugness in his manner as he said, "You Southerners are supposed to be as imaginative as the Irish. That's over-rated — like your cooking. For instance, where are your witches? Just one respectable Southern witch?"

Poor fellow, from a stony, inhospitable land — I let him get away with it. No point in making him feel dissatisfied with his things. Still, truth must out eventually.

We did have a witch once, all right. She wasn't respectable, though. She was a rip of the first magnitude. I refer to Old Kate, the Bell Witch of Robertson County, Tennessee. "Bell" hadn't anything to do with a steeple or with book and candle. It was the name of the hauntees, a prominent Middle Tennessee family of Andrew Jackson's day. Old Andy himself encountered Kate, so they say. He did not come back for a second helping.

The Bells were a hard-headed Scots tribe from North Carolina. In the early 1800's they settled near Red River in what is now the heart of the prosperous "Black Patch" tobacco country. John Bell drove a number of shrewd bargains for land, including a parcel from a Mrs. Kate Batts. Mrs. Batts, on second thought, decided, "Jack Bell cheated me out of this business. Good people, you mark my words — he'll live to regret it."

Soon afterward, little Betsy and Esther Bell went skipping into the woods to gather spring wildflowers. They stopped skipping when they saw a green, doll-sized woman. She was bouncing and swinging among the branches of a persimmon tree. She called down to them, "I'm Old Kate Batts' witch, I am, I am." She then skinned the cat and turned her green face inside out.

The little girls went home.

Soon after this, the fox and 'coon hounds deserted the Bell place. Then one night a visiting politician, having dined on Mrs. Lucy Bell's fried chicken, went up to bed. But long before cockcrow, he arose, dressed and rode away, calling down wrath upon a household where "a

servant of the people" could not enjoy a wink of sleep. He had heard a sneaking-about in the dark and his big bare feet kept getting tickled with what felt like a feather.

Now the sturdy, squared-log farmhouse turned into a bedlam. Something gobbled and whistled in shadowy corners. Windows seemingly untouched by human hands banged not only down but up. Presently there was also a chopping female screech without visible source. It went spinning from room to room, reciting rich lists of John Bell's alleged hidden sins, man and boy.

"Don't ye deny it, Old Jack!" the voice shrielled. "Your face is as white as whey. Guilt's writ all over it."

Cotton Mather would have found perfectly orthodox the way the Bells' milk soured, their cattle sickened mysteriously, their crops withered in good season, and furniture did lively jigs through the house while heirloom china sailed into the air spontaneously. He probably would have missed sorely other stock props of Salem witchcraft, such as airborne brooms and black cat familiars. For the most part, Kate scorned hackneyed props.

John Bell swore to undying secrecy, his wife Lucy, the daughters Betsy and Esther, and his eight stout sons, along with the servants and the field hands. Thus, within twenty-four hours, droves of people

began riding to the Bells' to report on the gabby disturbances.

"Everything is rocking along as usual," John Bell assured them.

"For sure," they later told it, "the place was rocking. Seemed like as if an earthquake and a young hurricane were playing tag in it."

They said that John Bell's words always stopped short. A great grin would crack his solemn face. "Oh, my!" he'd yell. "Stop it! My funny place!" He'd start slapping and bending double with wild laughter.

"Twirly-whirly, who's laughing now?" a voice like a guinea hen's would burst from mid-air.

Then, said witnesses, before their eyes little Betsy's corn-silk-gold hair would unbraid itself and whip around her head like smoke. Furniture began to trot and do buck-and-wing tricks. The Bell boys would fall smack on the floor, rolling, tumbling, and whooping as if they'd had a rub-down with tickleweed.

"Looks like something's going on at the Bells'," people said.

Those with Doubting Thomas blood argued that the family was putting on a clever hoax.

"Hell and scissors!" said the believers. "No one family, not even a Tennessee family, could be that gifted! What do the Bells stand to gain? Look how weedy and jumpy they've gone. Besides, all us on-lookers is plumb eating them out of house and home while we gather round to watch."

Mrs. Kate Batts was quizzed

about Old Kate. "My hand ain't in it," she vowed. "Still, now, anybody can see plain how Old Jack Bell cheated me. Perfect strangers can notice his conscience bedevil him aloud."

At the height of Old Kate's fame, it was nothing to see horses hitched to every picket in the fence, and the lane before the Bell house jumbled with wagons and carriages. People on foot, hang-jawed and staring, from nobody-knows-where, skulked about the place. They mashed down Mrs. Lucy's flowerbeds. They gawked in at windows. They perched, staring, in trees. Let the Bells' dinner gong be struck, and here came a concentric stomping to the savory tables, set to accommodate all comers according to that time's idea of hospitality.

Robertson County shared Old Kate's attention with the Bells for a spell. Suddenly she became a reformer, crying aloud and sparing not. At public gatherings she put in stentorious, invisible appearances. She tattled on everyone's transgressions at a hog-calling pitch.

"How the fur will fly around!" she warned.

It flew. As she washed everyone's dirty linen in public, people abruptly left off dancing, playing mumbledypeg, and sawing the fiddle. No more pitching of dimes at a mark in the dust or chicken-fighting. Young men and girls shunned such things as fluttering eyes from behind turkey-tail fans and winking

back; beet juice to help nature with blushing complexions; long sideburns; cinnamon-scented hair-oil; hugging in chimney corners; and the wearing of bright-colored bonnets and waistcoats.

Just about then, election time was getting ripe. When Old Kate lit in, electioneering came almost to a deadstand. No candidate dared say any more than that he wanted office and hoped folks would elect him because he needed the salary. It looked as if all candidates would lose their races by default.

No campaign, "white mule" flowed. If it had, no one would have dared defy Kate and sample it. The local distillery operator padlocked his place and said he was going into the well-digging business. When he heard a midnight uproar coming from the stillhouse, he started to investigate, a horse-pistol in each fist. Then he recognized Old Kate's voice. Inside the stillhouse it was caterwauling for somebody named Blackdog to pass the keg. Blackdog bellowed that either Mathematics or Jerusalem had it, but two other voices howled that Cyclography was the guilty party.

The stillhouse owner tarried just long enough to hear slamming, fighting sounds, loud thirsty gurglings, and Old Kate screech, "How good this tanglefoot does burn! Whooo-eee! I'm a-backsliding! I've done tumbled off the straight-and-narrow!" Then the distiller mod-

estly went into his home and locked the door.

Old Kate had backslid permanently. As the rest of Robertson County came back to normality, Kate and her four equally unseen guests holed up at the Bell farmhouse. Night and day they brawled, battering, yowling, until it's said their din curled the shingles on the roof and shattered bark off walnut trees as much as a quarter-mile away. It was too much even for Kate, finally. She drove into outer darkness Cyclography, Blackdog, Jerusalem, and Mathematics. They never returned.

John Bell tried everything, anything. Advised that uncanny things fear cold iron, he nailed horseshoes over the doors. The horseshoes fell on John Bell's head. Around the house he planted a rampart of wild garlic, said to be a witch's bane. The domestic creatures broke loose and ate it to the roots. Milk, eggs, and pork were so loud with garlic that they had to be taken out a good distance and buried.

Often neighbors served the Bells as witch-sitters. They came in to keep Old Kate company while the family stole off somewhere to sleep. Witch-sitters worked in pairs. There'd be a toughened-up young man who could take a night of tickling, tripping, and hair-yanking. With him would be a sharp-tongued woman, one who could fire the insults back at Kate as fast as she gave them.

THESE days Betsy Bell had grown into a handsome young lady, with braided hair the color of buttermilk and a waist so small and neat that a young man glancing at her would swallow his tobacco. Young bloods began the preliminaries of courting. They waited for a moonless night and tied a wad of copied-out verses to a rock and heaved it against the shutters of her window. Almost any black night boys toting verses could be heard bumping into each other in the woods near the Bells' and rolling and fighting until daylight.

Betsy's fancy hovered between two swains. Joshua Gardner, a black-browed, prosperous young farmer, had the reputation of being no man to trifle with. Richard Powell was a schoolmaster from the Shenandoah Valley. He was dirt-poor but polished with Virginia manners.

Professor Powell spoke well of Old Kate at every opportunity. When he heard her voice tear the air apart, he always swept off his hat and tilted a bow. Whatever the talking goblin said, Powell would cant his head to one side and say respectfully, "That is certainly a most intelligent remark, ma'am."

"Oh, go 'way, Richard Powell!" Old Kate would sing. "You wouldn't flatter an old party like me, would ye, Sugarfoot?"

"Truth, ma'am, is never flattery."

"Now, ain't that a bald-headed fact, though! Keep on a-saying them

truthful things, Dick Powell. It's music!"

Whereas Josh Gardner growled at Old Kate's voice. "Oh, shut quiet there, you addle-brained old mud turtle!" he'd say. "There's no such thing as witches, and you're not one of 'em!"

Josh lay awake nights planning how he could catch out in the open whatever Old Kate really was. He set everything from bird snares to bear traps. They didn't go empty. He caught a groundhog, a stray dominecker hen, a purple lizard with yellow stripes, and a Yankee peddler who happened to be lurking through the county selling farmers wooden shoepegs for super-prime planting oats.

If Josh Gardner failed to bush-whack Old Kate, he did entrap the heart of Betsy Bell. The engagement was announced and a picnic to celebrate it held on the summer banks of the Red River.

To start the picnic, Josh Gardner got thrown off his horse into a mud-hole, splashing everyone. Shortly after, he tripped and poured a pot of hot coffee over Mrs. Lucy Bell's best dress. While apologizing, he upset a crock of elderberry wine over Betsy's slippers and while sopping at the wine with his kerchief, broke open the roof of a horde of ground-hiving yellow jackets. Blindly trying to protect Betsy from their stings, he pushed her into the river. In rescuing her, he caught her dress on a snag, ripping it from

neckline to hemline. Explaining to dignified John Bell, with gestures, he knocked off Mr. Bell's costly beaver hat, which went into the river and sank. He wound up fighting all eight Bell boys while Betsy was led, weeping and stung, from the field of battle.

It's said that above the final scene a loon-voice hooted an unknown song, to wit:

Row me up some brandy-O!

Oh, row me up some more!

JOSH GARDNER sold his farm and raged off to Texas. Sweet Betsy Bell became Mrs. Professor Powell within the year. Richard Powell went into politics. He was elevated to the State Legislature. It is told that during his political career, anyone opposing him invariably broke out with hives and giggles.

In the 1820's, after Betsy's marriage, John Bell died. Old Kate's voice faded. Her badgering quieted. At length all the Bells heard was a thin muttering like someone turning in sleep. Then lasting, peaceful silence.

But Old Kate has long since outgrown Robertson County, Tennessee. Mississippians have appropriated her as their own native witch. In Kentucky they tell of her with an air of having a title to her. The yarns vary from family to family, with every turn in the road, but all agree on one thing — that Kate was a W. C. Fields kind of old rip.

Robertson Countians like to men-

tion the time when Andrew Jackson, campaigning for the U. S. Senate, paid the Bells a visit. He had with him a carriage load of boon companions from Nashville, the state capital. All were curious about the rumored witch. They brought with them one Busby, noted for laying ghosts, unspelling curses, and driving witches away lickety-split.

"You have the bullet, eh, Busby?" Old Hickory asked.

"Solid silver, dipped in hoop snake oil and spunk water, General."

"Good! In we go."

The Bells had spread a huge supper for their distinguished guests. The amenities were exchanged. General Jackson told Lucy and John Bell that it had never been his privilege to be in finer family company. They said that never had Redcoats been thumped harder than the General had thumped them at New Orleans. As all settled to table, fat Busby produced an enormous cavalry pistol, the one loaded with the silver slug.

"Bells, ma'am and sir," he said, "this will be a meal to remember. If the so-called Kate, the so-called witch, gets frisky — well, look out!"

Instantly everything on the table went into the air. The place whizzed with flying Delft ware, ham gravy, wigs, possum-and-dumplings, turkeys, linen, soft-boiled eggs, cutlery, buttermilk, sweet corn, candlesticks, pies, spiced beef, snap beans,

wax beans, black-eyed peas, chairs, puddings, cornpone, pickles, mashed potatoes, honey — wild and domestic, sorghum-'lasses, hot biscuits, tripe, turnip greens, fried collards, sponge cake, radishes, catfish, jelly, cut glass tumblers, salt, coffee, pepper, blue flames, brimstone, and leaping, dodging people.

When the air cleared, Busby could be seen near the door, his rum-blossom nose twisting as if gripped by invisible pliers. The door banged open. A voice squalled, "Shoo, you tub of soap grease!"

Busby rocketed into the night. He was heard splintering through the fence palings, and the voice again spoke: "Gen'l Andy, there's more frauds in your party. Soon's I catch my wind, I'll expose 'em, one and all."

"By the eternal!" Jackson is supposed to have remarked on his way to the door. "This is worse than fighting the British!"

Patriotic Tennesseans say that Jackson was the last of his party to clear the house, but that he didn't linger for any involved leave-taking.

There it is. New England is welcome to her old dreary, gray, mumbling crones. The South wants no part of them. When we put *our* minds to producing a witch, you can bet she's three-dimensional, in gorgeous technicolor, with everything thrown in but the kitchen sink. And *she* throws that.

By MARTIN BERKELEY . . .

Reds

In Your Living Room

THE backbone of the Communist movement is crushed in Hollywood. The studio gates are closed both on the unfriendly witnesses and on those who have made no effort to answer Red charges leveled against them before Congressional committees.

But the Reds are fighting back. With their once-huge movie income chopped off at the source and their prestige cut down to size, the Communists are counterattacking in the allied fields of radio and television.

The establishment of the Television Writers of America (TWA) means that the Communist Party has set up a potent weapon to assail you — *right in your own living room!*

When the hearings of the House Un-American Activities Committee (HUAC) into Communist infiltra-

tion in the motion picture industry were reopened in Washington on March 8, 1951, they produced the first admissions by Hollywood personalities of the actual existence of a Party *apparatus* in the film capital. When movie star Sterling Hayden and screen writer Richard Collins co-operated with the Committee, the Communists knew the jig was up; that they could no longer count on the "liberals." They then made calculated plans to seize the air waves of America.

The CP already had control of the Radio Writers' Guild (RWG). The executive secretary was (and is) Michael Davidson. His wife, ex-actress Ellen, has been identified as a Party member. When Davidson was subpoenaed by the HUAC he promptly resigned from the RWG

"because of pressure of outside work." The Communists deliberately stalled and dragged out the hearings and the Committee never got to him. The day after the Committee returned to Washington, Davidson went back to his old job!

Carl Abrams; Hi (Harmon) Alexander; Georgia Backus; Abe Burrows; Pauline Hopkins; Millard Lampbell; Peter Lyon; Leon Meadows; Sam Moore; Ken Pettus; Jack Robinson; Mary Robinson; Louis Scofield; Reuben Ship; Gene Stone; and Louis (Studs) Terkel are, or have been, on the Council of the RWG. Sam Moore and Louis Scofield are past national presidents. *All have been identified in sworn testimony as members of the CP.* Milton Merlin, the incumbent national president, has a long and significant record of fronts and associations.

FOR three years a group of intelligent, informed anti-Communists known as "We The Undersigned" (WTU) because they have freely acknowledged their beliefs and identities, have tried to wrest control of RWG from the Party. Through the usual Bolshevik tactic of smear and disruption; because of rank-and-file disgust, indifference, and totalitarian liberalism, they have failed.

In August 1950, Welbourn Kelley, a member of the RWG Council and a good American, offered a resolution backing the U. S. in the three-month-old Korean conflict.

The resolution was defeated overwhelmingly by the Red-packed Council and Mr. Kelley resigned. Daisy Amoury and Erik Barnouw followed suit.

When Sam Moore was identified as a CP member and called before the HUAC, he took refuge in the Fifth Amendment. Shortly thereafter he turned up at an RWG meeting and received a hero's welcome from the membership — nothing less than a 21-gun salute to subversion! When sponsors let it be whispered that they would not employ Reds or their allies, RWG squawked about blacklists, "thought control," native fascism, etc., etc.

WTU has fought desperately against the conspiracy, published the facts, spent hundreds of dollars, given thousands of hours — to no avail. The RWG is still under Kremlin control — but there is another election this fall . . .

In a surprise move, RWG demanded *complete jurisdiction* over script writing in the television industry. The comrades saw that movie receipts were falling and speculated that TV might well be the entertainment of the future. They knew that if they could control TV as they already controlled radio, they would have a new source of income to make up for their unexpected and startling losses in Hollywood.

When the Screen Writers' Guild (SWG) heard of the phony demand, they took their case to the Authors'

League of America, Inc. (ALA), parent body of writers. They pointed out that SWG already had jurisdiction in the motion picture field and prophesied the day would come when most TV shows would be made on film.

After months and months of dreary and expensive wrangling, a compromise was reached with RWG getting jurisdiction over "live" television (on the theory that it is akin to radio) and SWG retaining its rights to motion pictures.

In 1952 the SWG sought recognition from the TV Film Alliance, the major producers of TV films on the West Coast. The Alliance refused to recognize SWG and the writers reluctantly called a strike. ALA ordered its affiliated groups — the novelists, dramatists, radio writers — to support the strike. RWG agreed.

THE Bolshevik double-cross started on August 14, 1952, while the strike was in progress. That evening there was a routine meeting of RWG's western branch, which has some 500 members. The comrades offered a resolution repudiating the strike and stampeded the meeting. The sell-out resolution was passed by a hand-vote of the 60 members present. This encouraged the Alliance in its refusal to deal with the SWG — which is exactly what the Reds wanted, for if the strike could be dragged out long and expensively it would weaken the screen writers.

When ALA was informed of this strike-breaking action it ordered ballots mailed to the national membership of RWG. *In a written vote the 1100 members went 15-1 in support of the SWG-ALA* — and SWG won the strike.

At this same August 14th meeting one Dick Powell (*not to be confused with the anti-Communist movie star of the same name*) reported that a committee had been investigating the possibility of pulling out of ALA but that this would not be practical since RWG contracts with the networks had been jointly negotiated by RWG-ALA and they would lose them if there were an open break.

But Powell and the Red leadership had a slick solution for this seeming impasse. They proposed the immediate formation of a separate television guild *outside ALA* into which RWG members could be recruited so that when the RWG-ALA contracts expired in 1954 the new union, having control of TV, could also grab control of radio — *independent of ALA!*

This typically Stalinist maneuver was received with enthusiasm and admiration. The RWG meeting was declared adjourned. The members remained in their seats. The gavel sounded and a new meeting of a new group — but with the same members — was called to order! Well-oiled revolutionary machinery went to work and the scab union was born. It is known as the Television Writers of America. Aubrey Finn,

attorney for the western branch of RWG, was appointed interim treasurer and ordered to raise a war-chest.

Aubrey Finn has twice been identified in sworn testimony by fellow members of the bar who were in the Party with him as a leading Communist and on October 1, 1952 he was hailed before the HUAC. He stood behind the Fifth Amendment.

Reuben Ship and Powell led the organizational drive. Ship, a Canadian subject, an identified Communist who also used the Constitution as a shield, has been ordered deported from the U. S. by the Department of Justice.

POWELL, the incumbent president of TWA, signed the *amicus curiae* brief in support of convicted Communists John Howard Lawson and Dalton Trumbo; was saluted by the Communist *Daily People's World* for his defense of the twelve Red leaders convicted under the Smith Act; was a member of the Southern California Executive Board of the Arts, Sciences, and Professions Council, which is the open face of the Communist Party in this area; has been a leader in the pedicular fight on "blacklists, loyalty oaths, and thought control"; and is reported to have agitated for the release of the Rosenbergs, convicted atom spies.

After several weeks of high-powered propaganda a formal organizational meeting of TWA was called on September 11, 1952. Charles Isaacs, who writes the Jimmy Du-

rante show, became president by acclamation. Jess Oppenheimer, one of the authors of "I Love Lucy," was elected vice-president; Shelby Gordon, a free-lancer, was named secretary-treasurer.

On the original executive board we find: Madeline Pugh of "I Love Lucy"; Hal Goodman of "My Friend Irma"; Alan Lipscomb of the Alan Young Show, sponsor of the subversive Actors' Lab and pinko Henry Wallace; Bob White of Ziv Productions and co-author of the trickily-worded TWA constitution; Manny Manheim, the "All Star Revue"; Seaman Jacobs, a free-lancer; the aforesaid Dick Powell; Anne Kazarian, employed by Bing Crosby Enterprises and a signer of the *amicus curiae* brief; Ben Freedman of the Red Skelton Show; Hugh Wedlock of the Frank Sinatra Show; Bernard Ederer, who works for Ziv and is co-author of the TWA constitution; Arthur Stander of the Joan Davis Show and a \$100 contributor to the Henry Wallace campaign fund; and Bill Wolff, who was identified on October 2, 1952, as a CP member. He stood on his Constitutional rights.

On December 16, 1952, there was an off-side play and Powell assumed the presidency. John Fenton Murray of the Red Skelton Show was elected vice-president; Bob White is the secretary-treasurer. Aubrey Finn is still the attorney!

The executive board now consists of Jess Oppenheimer; Charles Isaacs;

Anne Kazarian; Hal Goodman; Seaman Jacobs; Ben Freedman; Ben Brady of the Ken Murray Show; Nate Monaster of the Burns and Allen Show; Philip Sharp of the Joan Davis Show; and Jack Elinson, a writer for Jimmy Durante.

A LOOK at the composition of RWG leadership reveals a sly Communist stratagem and a knowledgeable use of psychology. Almost without exception these are top comedy writers: the highest paid, the elite in their profession. Almost all have tried to get out of the nerve-racking weekly TV grind with its cannibalism of men and material and break into motion pictures. *Almost all have been unsuccessful!*

As a result, they are antagonistic toward the industry that failed to recognize their unique and individual talents, and they bear a deep-rooted resentment toward screen writers who have made the grade. The Reds used this dichotomy to convince them they would be discriminated against in the SWG and that they would be better off with their own closed corporation, which they could control from the beginning: a guild with a certain familiar radio-TV "country club" aspect in line with their distinctive gregariousness. It must have made sense to these men who are excellent gag-writers, for they fell into line — but they refuse to see that the joke is backfiring in America's face!

Most of them are hard-working, decent patriots who would resent it if you suggested otherwise but, whether they know it or not, they have fallen for the Marxist "class angle" — in reverse this time.

Behind the scenes move three evil geni: Michael Davidson, writer Budd Lesser, and Joan La Cour. They pull the strings and the puppet membership responds. The *Los Angeles Examiner* of September 22, 1946, reported that Budd Lesser was a "picket at the Columbia Studios in the AFL film strike. He was arrested on a battery accusation for pushing a lighted cigarette against the neck of a man going through the picket line." In 1947 he signed a petition addressed to the Los Angeles Board of Supervisors, opposing the county loyalty oath.

Joan La Cour is executive secretary of TWA. She has long played house with the comrades. In July 1947 there was a "Thought Control Congress" of the Arts, Sciences, and Professions Council held at a Beverly Hills hotel. It was convened to protest the subpoenaing of the group that later became infamous as the Hollywood Ten. It was attended by the comrades and the entire local Stalinist solar system.

Screen writer Howard Koch, now making films in France and one of the more brilliant stars in the orbit, made the closing address. He said: "I want particularly to commend the staff of the ASP Council — George Pepper, Joy Darwin [*since identified*

as CP members], and Joan La Cour . . . Such devotion cannot be bought for wages — it has to come from a deep conviction of a national need for what we are all trying to do.”

THIS subversive “Thought Control Congress” was presided over by ex-Congressman Hugh de Lacy, an identified CP member; and on the platform with him were such sturdy stalwarts as screen writer Donald Ogden Stewart; teacher Harold Orr; and attorney Ben Margolis — all of whom have been identified as members of the Communist Party in sworn testimony.

In 1948 Joan La Cour circulated a petition to place the Independent Progressive Party (IPP) on the California ballot. The Red-controlled IPP was organized under the leadership of Hugh Bryson of the Marine Cooks & Stewards union, a part of the Harry Bridges conspiracy. Bryson is an identified Party member. He is presently on trial for alleged perjury, the Government charging him with making a false statement when he signed the non-Communist Taft-Hartley oath.

Joan La Cour, according to the official voters’ list of the County of Los Angeles, registered IPP on April 4, 1952. The national candidates of IPP in the 1952 election were Vincent Hallinan and Mrs. Charlotta Bass.

TWA claims something like 100 members. That figure should be easy to increase, for associate member-

ship, according to their trickily-worded constitution, is open to “*anyone evidencing interest in the field of television writing.*” This definition probably includes you, dear reader, for who has seen a TV show and not decided he could write a better one?

An NLRB election will soon be held. TWA needs money. The comrades, remembering the lush, fruitful days of the People’s Educational Center (a famous Red scholastic trap), have opened a school under the auspices of TWA for those “evidencing interest in the field of television writing.” Some 300 hopeful, ambitious students have fallen for the bait and enrolled in the six-lesson course and TWA is richer by about \$4500.

Since every student is not only a potential Party recruit but also a potential associate member under the elastic qualifying clause, neither the CP nor TWA can lose! And membership in either means money for both.

Some students, over their temporary awe of the big-shots on the rostrum, are now complaining privately that while their instructors may be good gag-men they are lousy teachers!

On May 4, 1953, the NLRB ruled that the collective bargaining election to be held among TV writers must be national in scope, rather than just for Hollywood, as TWA desired. Richard Breen, SWG president, declared: “In any national election, it is a foregone conclusion

that the SWG-ALA will have a preponderance of voters."

Powell snapped: "We will send somebody to New York to organize for TWA. We have many there who are going to work for and with us."

From the *Hollywood Reporter*, May 18, 1953: "Joan La Cour, executive secretary of TWA, flew to New York to join Dick Powell in the campaign to win the coming network election."

How does this affect you? Is this just another jurisdictional wrangle?

Contrary to popular belief, the CP in America has been more than self-supporting through its strength in Party-controlled unions and its myriad Red fronts. Every Party-controlled union takes part in "political activity" — in the so-called "class struggle." Every Party-controlled union incubates Party members — and that means sabotage and espionage.

If TWA wins jurisdiction over television, the Communist Party — through its secret members, its fellow-travelers, its dupes and sympathizers — will have actual control of *every word* that goes out over the air waves; for, as you have seen, the gang that runs TWA runs the RWG.

There is only one way the stranglehold of the Party can be broken — *through exposure*. The only ones who can reveal the hidden Reds and their organization are *former Communists*.

There are at least two cells in the western branch of the RWG that

have not yet been exposed. There is a hard-working cell within TWA. There are half a dozen cells in New York that overlap from RWG into cells within the Actors' Equity Association and the American Federation of Radio & Television Artists.

Within these powerful unions and guilds are many men and women who honestly want to leave the Party or who have already broken with the Communist Party but who have kept their counsel. They are eager to give the Congress the benefit of their knowledge and experience and unburden their minds. *But they are being blackmailed into silence both by the Reds and by the very people who need this information most: the networks, sponsors, and advertising agencies.*

These former Communists know that if they are exposed or if they come forward of their own volition they will lose their jobs. Radio and TV are "sensitive fields" — they are not strictly a medium of entertainment but the most modern form of direct and captive advertising, and sponsors are leery of so-called "controversial persons." They would like to play it safe and escape pressures by employing only "neutrals."

Through intelligent anti-subversive work by the American Legion; by the men who actually run the studios; and by a tightly knit group of informed anti-Communists and former Communists, the problem has been solved in the motion picture industry.

In the words of my good friend, Hearst columnist George E. Sokolsky: "There is not a Communist front in Hollywood today that matters. There are many in New York, and the radio and television industries are affected by them.

"In radio and television, some of those who have worked hardest for the success of this program [*the anti-Communist exposure in Hollywood*] are still controversial persons because some lazy bureaucrat in the advertising firms along Madison Avenue in New York finds it easier to kill a man's career than to work on a serious public problem.

"However, it is not believable that those who spend their money on advertising . . . can afford the involvement that this attitude will bring upon them. It is a rejection of every decent American principle of life, for it not only rejects a person's right to the principles of life, but it denies him the opportunity to change his mind, to confess, to be contrite and to remedy his situation. It fails to grasp the significance of anti-Marxism in the arts."

ON September 17, 1951, the chairman of the HUAC read a letter into the record before the hearings started. It was sent by the Motion Picture Industry Council, which is composed of representatives of producers, the talent guilds and unions, and practically every craft union concerned with the making of motion pictures. It gave

courage and a feeling of kinship to those who were about to testify — and it was at this hearing that the Communist Party in Hollywood received the mortal blow. The following significant statements are contained in this historic letter — the first of its kind by the only industry that has made a conscious, concerted effort to rid itself of Stalinism.

"The Motion Picture Industry Council offers its strength and support to any legally constituted body that has as its object the exposure and destruction of the international Communist Party conspiracy.

"American casualties leave little room for witnesses to stand on the First and Fifth Amendments; and for those who do, we have no sympathy.

"We commend and encourage those who testify to their complete repudiation of Communism and effectively demonstrate their loyalty to their country. It is our hope that witnesses will testify honestly, freely and fully. In this time of crisis, the demands of American patriotism make necessary that witnesses respond."

Such a statement of help, comfort, understanding, and support to the former Communists and to those trying to break their evil chains is needed from the radio and television industry. The example of Hollywood's victory is before their eyes.

Will the networks, agencies, and sponsors take a stand — now?

BOUNDARY IN THE CLOUDS

By
WILLIAM MCCASLAN SCAIFE

{ *Captain, U. S. Coast and
Geodetic Survey (Retired)*

Two hundred feet above us towered our goal, the top of a mile-high crag. A thousand feet almost straight below lay a jumble of boulders which had toppled from their precarious perches. We were working across a stretch where the rock had been shattered and rotted by centuries of frost action.

I reached for a rock projecting from the crumbly walls, but from long experience I knew better than to trust it before I had tested its stability. It came loose and plummeted to the rock pile far below. That rock had been a rung in my ladder, a ladder for giants it seemed now with the rung gone and a long gaping distance between me and the next; and I was no giant.

Retreat was denied us, for Bob, just behind me, had also loosened rocks which had served as doubtful rungs in the ladder, irrevocably wiping out the back trail. We were caught in one of those traps for which mountaineers are ever on guard but in which most of them are occasionally caught.

"Throw off your pack," I called.

"I can't," Bob answered. "It's all I can do to hang on."

Pressing myself hard against the face of the mountain to gain the utmost of traction from every fibre of my clothing, I worked ahead slowly, inch by inch, praying that I would not hear a dreadful slipping and look back to see a vacant place behind me.

Somehow that awful gap was crossed and I worked my way to safety on a ledge above. But Bob was still pressed against the mountain, unable to move. Meanwhile, a long gray tongue of fog had licked around a shoulder of rock. Another had climbed up the side of the gloomy abyss below us and hovered there like the shadow of doom.

Now Bob was straining with fingers and toes at the side of the mountain clutching for a hold which was not there, while I was desperately making a loop in my rope. But I must not be too hasty. Life or death might be in that cast. The rope must not tangle, for a second cast might not be granted!

"Got it!" called Bob, slipping

an arm through the loop while I braced myself. As he worked his way to safety with the support of the rope, the loosened rocks and dirt where he had clung became a miniature avalanche and hurtled through the dark shadow hovering below. Once more we drew a free breath and looked around us, and what a spectacle we saw!

WE WERE behind the lower, timbered coastal mountains of southeastern Alaska, in a region of massive, jagged peaks, unbelievably rugged. Around these peaks, not far from trees and luxuriant wild flowers and delicious berries, the Ice Age still holds its own in all its awful grandeur. Great glaciers fill countless valleys and merge above to form vast ice fields. Here and there a river cuts a deep gash through the towering barrier mountains, flows swiftly between narrow strips of forest backed by steep canyon walls, and carries to the sea a burden of silt ground from the mountains by a hundred glaciers. Through this region, following a zigzag route from peak to peak, the Alaska-Canada boundary runs its lonely course. The boundary was our reason for being there.

When the Boundary Commission requested the United States Coast and Geodetic Survey to clear up some doubtful points regarding the exact location of the Alaska-Canada boundary near its crossings of the Taku and Stikine Rivers, it was my

good fortune to be assigned the task of making the surveys which, supplementing the old boundary surveys, would accomplish this end.

Fortunately, there is a method by which the surveyor can determine distances and directions from one point to another without actually traversing the line between the points. If the length and direction of one side of a triangle are known and the angles are measured, the lengths and directions of the other sides can be computed by trigonometry. It was our task to start from points on the established maps at salt water and extend chains of triangles along the mountaintops bordering the Taku and Stikine Rivers to points on the boundary.

A day in early spring saw us camped on Taku Inlet, near the mouth of the Taku River. There were nine of us. Newton Stewart, a young officer of the Survey, had been with me on Alaska mountains before. He and I had carefully chosen seven men for the job. An outfit, complete to the smallest detail and painstakingly designed for use on Alaska mountains and rivers, had been assembled. On the next morning we would tackle the job toward which all our preparations had been made.

WE LOADED the outfit into our river boat and piled in. Wes Myers, a top Alaska white-water man, took his place at the outboard motor. Threading through fields of

icebergs which had broken from the face of Taku Glacier, we soon reached the head of the inlet. The boat was headed into a gash winding into the heart of the mountains, the gash of the Taku River.

We established our base camp several miles up the river on a cottonwood flat which formed a strip between the river and the nearby mountains.

We would be working in a region strewn with a large variety of natural obstacles. Most of the mountains must be climbed twice, for targets must be built over the stations to provide definite objects on which to point the theodolites before angles can be measured.

On the first trip from our base camp we turned off from the river and Wes worked the boat up a swift tributary twisting between forested banks. Emerging into Twin Lake, we saw that the western shore, three miles away, was a barricade of ice walls from which hundreds of icebergs, large and small, some of an almost indigo blue, had broken. Beyond the ice walls Twin Glacier was split by a massive mountain, the two lobes of the glacier climbing upwards to merge with the great ice cap which lies behind the timbered coastal ranges.

The top of the jagged peak splitting the glacier was our goal. Its base came to within a quarter of a mile of the icy shore, but to cross that quarter of a mile required an hour and a half of zigzagging around great

yawning crevasses, chopping steps with ice picks, and advancing cautiously, roped together.

Our real troubles began after we reached the base of the mountain, for from there the way led for some distance along the slope just above the glacier. The slope was as steep as a high-pitched roof. The rock had been polished to marble smoothness by glacial action. Below us yawned a *bergschrand*, a gaping space where the glacier failed by ten or twelve feet to join the mountain. The chasm between ice and mountain descended into inky darkness under the glacier.

LATE in the afternoon we reached the summit, forty-seven hundred feet above the surface of the lake. Our trail, a long thread of trampled snow, wound in a zigzag pattern to the glacier far below. Around us stretched hundreds of miles of desolation, remnant of the Ice Age. Valleys, filled with ice to depths of hundreds or thousands of feet and furrowed with gaping crevasses, spread below us. The mighty glaciers that flowed between mountain walls to emerge in the low country were merely fingers of the vast ice cap from which they sprang. The icebergs trapped in the lake were white dots floating upon a mirror in which towering mountains were reflected. A stillness which could almost be felt pressed upon us. Even the ice falls, cascading out of high gorges, were without visible motion

—Niagaras frozen into immobility. Out of the white wastes, great, jagged peaks heaved themselves, islands in a frozen sea, reaching for the sky. As far as we could see they stretched, until in the distance, wrapped in purple mist, they faded from view.

Strong winds had blown the snow from the top of the peak, exposing a pole protruding from a pile of stones—the boundary station we had come to recover. We removed the loose stones and drilled a hole in the bed rock, into which we cemented a bronze tablet to mark the station so that it could be recovered if needed in future surveys. Then we built a target over the mark.

The next day we went to the lake again. This time the party was divided into two groups. Stewart and his gang were to backpack a theodolite and a light camp outfit to the mountaintop previously climbed and measure the required angles from that station. With Bob, I was dropped at the foot of another mountain which required a target.

UPON gaining a little elevation, we were amazed to discover that the mass of ice in front of the base of Stewart's mountain—the same ice which we had spent a strenuous hour and a half crossing just a few days before—had broken up into icebergs and drifted out upon the lake. In its place a narrow bay, with ice walls a hundred feet or more in height, separated the two lobes of Twin Glacier, lobes which had

been merged in front of the mountain through the ages.

"Imagine where we would have been if that ice had decided to break up while we were crossing it," observed Bob. "We must have disturbed some delicate balance, but luck was with us to keep us from disturbing it enough to start immediate action."

We saw the boat with Stewart's party enter between the icy walls. I was thinking of their pleasant surprise at finding that they would not have to cross the treacherous crevassed ice to the foot of the mountain, when the sharp crack of a rifle violated the quiet of the lake. Its echo, hurled back and forth between the walls of the ice bay, mingled with the startled honks of geese headed for a safer haven. As the tumult subsided, the merest suggestion of a crackling sound, so faint that it might have been imagined, whispered across the lake. Involuntarily, Bob and I looked at each other to see if the other had heard.

And then the crackle became a roar as the ice walls of the bay, first split in some weak spot by the vibration of the rifle shot and then thrown out of equilibrium by the movement of huge masses, began to cave in. One after another great ice blocks larger than a house broke off and crashed into the narrow confines of the bay. They plunged beneath the surface and then, rolling over and over and shaking the water off like gigantic marine monsters in a

nightmare, reared above the surface and ground together. In a few minutes the little bay was filled with them.

Bob and I, impotently watching from a distance, were too horrified to speak. Where was Stewart's party? Surely nothing in that bay could have survived!

Stillness settled over the lake except for the movements of the floating bergs and the waves which they had caused. The movements of the bergs gradually slowed, nearly ceased. Waves subsided into ripples, and even these vanished. Once more the lake became a mirror.

It seemed that we waited for ages in helpless ignorance of the fate of Stewart and his party. Bob and I will never know the length of that wait, for its measure must be in anxiety, not minutes. When at last we saw Stewart's party start up the mountain, we knew that Wes and the boat must be safe.

BY THE last of July other mountains had been climbed and the Taku job finished. But the Stikine, with more mountains, was still ahead and summer was slipping away.

During our first days on the Stikine, mist hung in the valley like gray drapes suspended from the mass of fog which blotted out the mountains around us. The patter of rain on tents came to attract attention only by its absence, and that was seldom. Occasional brief glimpses of towering crags framed by broken

clouds gave a suggestion of what was buried in the upper levels of the blanket of fog.

With the passing of each day and the continuance of bad weather, our concern increased. Each day meant one day less between us and the deadline and no progress was being made. Then one morning the Stikine country withdrew her scowl and smiled upon us.

By mid-morning of the next day we had reached our station. The Stikine River and the streams which had tumbled down canyons to flow across the flats and merge with the main stream, were shining ribbons in a bed of green. Nearly a mile below us the smoke from our base camp climbed lazily above the spruce tops. A herd of twenty mountain goats, feeding nearby at the foot of a little hanging glacier, paused occasionally to stare at us. Just before we started down the mountain I yelled. The goats, untroubled by the sight of us, now fled in panic. Along the face of a sheer cliff they bounded and disappeared around a shoulder.

AS SUMMER wore into fall, our work progressed, but sometimes with exasperating slowness, for often we would awaken in the morning to find a repetition of the old story of mountains shrouded in fog and rain.

The time came when there was a fall nip in the air. Something, not any one thing but a combination of many, suggested that snow would

be flying soon. For days, wedges of geese had been honking down out of the north, following, high overhead, the gash cut by the Stikine River through the great barrier mountains. They rode a wind which had been given the edge of a blade of fine steel by passage over a hundred ice fields. Mornings were frosty. The melting of the glaciers diminished, and the level of the river dropped each day. The silhouettes of jagged mountains showed harsh and brittle beneath a light-gray film which much of the time lined the dome overhead. One night a column of light appeared behind a conical, snowy peak which the moon had sprinkled with a flood of diamonds. Like flame from a volcano, the column rose to a great height and then spread across the sky in a gorgeous green, yellow, and red display of northern lights. The deadline was very close now!

TO COMPLETE the job it was necessary to make observations from one more mighty monarch. Days had been spent working across beaver swamps, cutting trails through dense brush up rugged mountainsides, and backpacking camp and instrumental equipment, only to find ourselves checkmated. When almost within reach of our goal, we came to a deep canyon which split the mountain. Just across the canyon the peak loomed, ragged and bare, but the wall on our side was a sheer drop of hundreds of feet. Could we back-track and reach the peak by a new

approach before snow would isolate it until another summer?

I sent the men off in different directions in what appeared to be a hopeless search for a way across. As I started on my way, I noticed fresh bear tracks beside a pool of water.

On hands and knees I followed the dim trail of that grizzly across a grassy ridge and through the matted alder brush at the edge of the canyon. It led to a place where he had dropped onto a narrow shelf and scrambled down a hidden rock slide to the bottom! We could take the same route and soon reach the peak.

Some days later we looked back into the gash of the Stikine, which disappeared in a blur of gray. It was an ominous blur, for a gale roared down the river and the gray was the first snowstorm of the season, which would be followed in rapid succession by others. The deadline had arrived! We knew that when the mountains peeped out of their shroud again, they would be wearing a blanket of white and that no man would set foot on their summits until another summer. But we did not care! Safely written down in our record books were the observations taken at all of the stations on our program. Mathematicians awaiting the data in those record books would soon determine with finality the positions of boundary points which had been subject to question. We had beat the snow to the deadline, and now our faces were turned southward — toward home!

Cap'n Abraham Linkhorn's Church

By HENRY OLIVER

THE Long Run Baptist Church, in Jefferson County, Kentucky, is one of the oldest and most historic Protestant churches west of the Appalachians, and probably one of the least known. It was built in 1780 by Cap'n Abraham Linkhorn in a small frontier settlement of Baptists and Quakers called Hughes Station, on land which had been surveyed by Squire Boone, brother of the famed Daniel.

The cabin was originally intended as a dwelling, but before the Linkhorn family moved in, Cap'n Abraham was murdered by a hostile Indian, who in turn was slain by Linkhorn's 14-year-old son Mordecai while another son, Thomas, 8, guarded the father's body.

The Linkhorn family buried Cap'n Abraham in the dooryard of the little cabin, and moved to Washington County, where the name became corrupted to "Lincoln." As nearly every schoolboy knows, Thomas Lincoln married Nancy Hanks, and she gave birth to a son who was named after the Cap'n, Abraham Lincoln.

The Linkhorn cabin was used by both the Baptists and the Quakers as a community meetinghouse from 1780 to 1797, when the Baptists

took it over and made it their official church.

Aside from serving as the last resting place of its builder, a grandfather of Abraham Lincoln, the Long Run Baptist Church boasts a newer claim to fame. Among the most active members of the church in the 1840's were the Gregg family: William, John, and Harriet. Harriet, the sister of William and John, married Solomon Young, another member of the church, and moved to Missouri. In 1852, she gave birth to a daughter, Mary Ellen Gregg, who married John Anderson Truman. And in 1884, they in turn were blessed with a son whom they named (yes, you guessed it) Harry S. Truman.

All of this may possibly throw some light on one of the former President's most closely guarded secrets — his middle name. The "S," he always insisted, does not stand for anything. He was simply christened "Harry S. Truman."

Present members of the Long Run Baptist congregation, however, think they have found the real answer. If he was named Harry for his grandmother, Harriet, isn't it likely that he was also named Solomon, for his grandfather?





"Friendly chaps, what? Met only a moment ago, and already there seems to be some talk of a big banquet."

WILL EUROPE *Fight?*

~~~~~  
BY FRED WARNER NEAL  
~~~~~

AFTER more than a year and a half in Europe, trying to find out how the European people feel, I am convinced of two things:

1. Regardless of how wholeheartedly the present *governments* of Western Europe may be on our side, large numbers of *people* feel that although Communism is terrible, war is even worse. And if war comes they will not take part effectively unless morale is improved.

2. We in America, both people and government, are not sufficiently aware of this fact.

If I am right, the implications for American foreign policy are ominous. I do not assume that a war with the Soviet Union is an established inevitability. But much of our foreign policy efforts today are bent toward trying to establish a firm counterforce in Western Europe to prevent Soviet aggression or to stop it if it comes. That counterforce clearly will be inadequate if the morale of the people of Europe is not good.

I think we have misjudged the morale situation. An example is the American assumption that the send-

ing of arms, guns, and money will automatically improve morale.

But is such rearmament enough? All the guns in the world will not help if the people who have them won't shoot them.

We Americans seldom take the trouble to search out the basic discontent and desperation of the people of Europe. On the surface, things don't look so bad. The people whom Americans meet are opposed to Communism. Passers-by on the streets of Paris and Rome are usually well dressed. Restaurants abound with delicious food, and the shops are filled with fine, if expensive, goods. And thanks in large part to the Marshall Plan, trade seems to be booming.

But two good ways *not* to find out about morale are to look at the lovely shop windows and to sit in an office and study production statistics. An even better way not to find out about it is to talk only with prime ministers, their government colleagues, businessmen, and the kind of people Americans traveling in Europe usually meet. To get even an inkling of the situation it is neces-

sary to spend a great deal of time talking with and listening to and observing the great masses of ordinary people. This can be done, but it takes time and patience and effort.

Americans who do take the time and make the effort invariably find a very large consensus opposed to participation in any war, even a war of defense. They also find, to their chagrin and amazement, that this opposition to war is so strong that an American liberation is as much feared as a Soviet occupation — by some, even more so. And, inevitably, they find on the part of the local residents a growing irritation with and opposition to the efforts of the United States to save them from the Soviet Union. This is true even of many of those who appreciate and agree with our motives.

PERHAPS the biggest surprise of all to such Americans is that these opinions come not only from Communists — probably the average traveling American will never meet a Communist — but from ordinary people on all economic and social levels. For while the large Communist parties of Western Europe are serious and complicating factors in the low state of morale, they are symptoms, not the disease. If there were not a single Communist in Western Europe, morale would still be bad.

Another element in our misjudgment of Europe is the conditions under which American officials

abroad inevitably work and live. The duties of a diplomat are often onerous. They involve many necessary, time-consuming conferences with government officials and other diplomats, and much report writing. Almost constant official entertaining is a must. And when all these tasks are accomplished, there just isn't much time left to spend getting to know people with whom the diplomat's official duties do not require contact. It may well be that the State Department needs some people abroad who have no official connection with the embassies, whose job would be not to spy, not to be concerned with official politics, but merely to associate with the masses of people, to live in the poorer districts, to hang out in the less fashionable bars, and to get out of the capitals and into the hinterlands on more than occasional formal trips.

Now, why is the morale of Europe at the present time bad? The first answer to this question is the obvious one, and one that applies with equal pertinence throughout Europe. For the French people, this is an answer, we might say, that absolves them of any necessity of thinking up any other answer. It is a matter of general war-weariness, spiritual and physical, resulting from World War II, followed by occupation and liberation, at a time when the wounds of World War I were still unhealed. As I have said, this war-weariness is common to all of Europe; but the French of all classes and parties feel

particularly that they “have had it,” and they do not want any more of it.

LET ME say right here that I have great affection and respect for France and the French. It is entirely understandable that they are as they are. It is as easy as it is wrong for Americans, so far unbombed, unoccupied, and unliberated, to criticize. It is more difficult and more important to understand the emotional and spiritual climate which produces a lethargy in nearly all aspects of a society. This is noticeable in science and philosophy and art, as well as in the political sphere. It often inhibits even the most well-meaning defense efforts. A French nobleman whose family was ancient before the Revolution reflected it when he told me of his job as an official in the war ministry.

“Sometimes,” he said, “I just can’t face it, a third World War. I know the horror and destruction of two wars. I have seen them destroy France. Where will France be after another one? When I think of this, I have to leave my office and walk and walk and walk. Of course, France will fight if we have to, but we must fix it so we don’t have to. I don’t know how, but we must.”

This man’s brother-in-law, who wears the *Croix de Guerre* for his bravery in World War II, won’t fight again, though. Like many a Frenchman who can afford it, he’s getting out — to South America.

“I hate to leave France,” he shrugged, “but I must think of my family. And if the war comes, there won’t be any France, in any case. Maybe we’re done as it is, the real France.”

A second cause of poor morale in France is that the people, particularly the workers and the poorer peasants, are oppressed by poverty and a sense of injustice. The great majority of them are not very much interested in saving or defending the kind of world in which they now fare so poorly. They feel helpless, beaten, cynical; they feel no necessity of choosing sides in a war. In any war, for *any* cause, they feel, they would have more to lose than to gain. Among great masses who are often “ill-housed, ill-fed, and ill-clothed” in a way seldom seen in America, life is a bitter and often unsuccessful struggle for marginal existence. That a large percentage of these people are Communists is not as surprising as that not more of them are.

Shortly before leaving France in the spring, I was present at a “*pot*,” or drinking feast, at a little *bistro* near St. Denis, the Communist stronghold on the outskirts of Paris. It was located on *Rue Josef Stalin*. With about ten factory workers, still clad in the faded blue denims that so often mark their class, I sat in a back room drinking sour *vin rouge* that flowed from a barrel in the corner. Six of them were Communists, and I had been invited

because Georges Binault, the proprietor of the café, whom I knew through a mutual mechanic friend in Paris, was the brother-in-law of one of them.

THE Communists said just about what I thought they would. They were cordial to me personally. Except that a couple of them thought that M. Pleven was not a "stupid capitalist pig" but merely a "stupid capitalist," their observations sounded like a repetition of that morning's Communist newspaper, *L'Humanité*.

But I was most interested in what the four non-Communist workers had to say. The remarks of Louis Vignon were typical. When I asked M. Vignon if he agreed with his Communist drinking companions, he snorted so hard he dropped his half-smoked Gauloise cigarette. He stooped to pick it up off the floor and began his long speech: "The politics, it is not for me. It is not worth it. These fellows [the Communists] are all right, but they talk too much. Let them have their Communism and get it over with, if they want it. It's all the same to me. Thorez can't be any worse than Pleven. Maybe Stalin isn't any worse than Truman. The Russians will have to have gas, so they'll have to have gas workers. Children? They'll need them, too. Do you think the Communists would pay me less than 17,000 francs a month and still have a worker?"

I felt called upon here to say something about democracy, the right to vote, free speech. M. Vignon shouted down his colleagues, all of whom had begun to wave their hands and talk excitedly.

"Look, Monsieur," he said, "M. Binault says you are a good man. Maybe things in America are different. You had Roosevelt. But here? *Alors!* Vote? I voted for Blum, and what happened? We got the Cagouls and the Germans. I was for De Gaulle, but he is *ridicule*. I won't vote for anybody who supports the present lot of pigs. And I'm not a Communist. So why do I want to vote?"

"Liberty to speak? Why do I want liberty to speak? How many francs will it bring me?"

"Tell that to *le General* Eisenhower. Tell him to bring down the prices. The struggle against the Russians? Bah! It is nothing. But the struggle against the prices, we'll fight for that."

It is difficult to illustrate the plight of M. Vignon and his friends statistically, because the kind of income figures issued by our Commerce and Labor departments simply do not exist in France. But a glance at some of the figures the French do have is enough to tell the story. As of July, 1950, the Ministry of Labor and Social Security reported that more than 60 per cent of all French workers in industry and commerce (3,827,000 of them) earned 17,000 francs (\$48.57) or less a month.

Since that time there have been general wage boosts — making some of the more sub-marginal wages only marginal — and family allowances have added to total incomes. But none of these substantially alters the picture. The cost of living has risen steadily and is still mounting.

BUT, ask the Americans, if things are so bad in France, what has the Marshall Plan been doing? The answer is simple. The Marshall Plan did an enormous amount of good for France as a country, as an economic unit. Without it, the French might not have been able to conquer unemployment. Without it, the conditions of M. Vignon and his fellow workers might well be even worse than they are. But in general, the vast amount of Marshall Plan aid — \$2,444,799,000 through June 15, 1951 — did not percolate down to the masses of the people.

Why this is true is a more complicated matter. The biggest reason — and one which the administrators of the Marshall Plan have worried about helplessly—is that our aid has been poured not into a free, private enterprise system as we know it in America, but into a highly cartelized, tightly controlled economic society whose resemblance to American capitalism is mostly coincidental. And this system is manned at the top by businessmen who are surely the spiritual inheritors of the mantle of the Bourbons, of whom it was said that they never learned and

never forgot. So intent are some of these gentlemen upon cutting off their noses to spite their faces that their mounting profits obscure the view of the mobs gathering before the Bastille.

The owners of French capital, sitting astride the most powerful economy of Western Europe, are the bulwarks of a government which all but ignores their wealth for tax purposes. The income tax, except where it is collected on wages at the source, is a joke in France, and everybody knows it. It is obviated simply by not reporting income. Since there are no income statistics, except for wages, how is anybody to tell? The result is to increase both the burden and the sense of injustice on M. Vignon.

A strangled economy, low wages, high prices, a depressingly low buying power, a sense of social injustice, a sense of helplessness and despair — these conditions do not make the rank and file of Frenchmen eager to defend anything.

And then there are the Communists. They are clever in exploiting our mistakes, in fomenting and exploiting discontent; they are well organized and strategically distributed.

OF ALL things needed to repair morale in France, economic reforms are most imperative: price controls, augmentation of low-bracket wages, tax reform. These are measures, obviously, which a

French government itself will have to undertake. Because of the undisciplined state of the French economy, they would be difficult in any case. Because of the precarious balance of French politics, the French Government — any French government — is reluctant to attempt them. If such reforms are to be attempted at all, we will have to put pressure on the French.

It may well be, so important and difficult an undertaking is this, that an entirely new agency of the government should be set up to deal with the European morale problem. Such an Operation Morale, bringing in the best brains and abilities we have, should be able to give binding instructions to the State and Defense departments, to the Mutual Security Agency, and to the whole government, on how to start repairing European morale. It should become the general staff for a concerted American attack on the problem.

Such an Operation Morale should, if it could, establish contacts in France outside the government, and furnish leadership and funds to the French themselves to do the job.

It is far from certain, of course, that any such efforts would succeed, due to the internal French political situation. The Communists, probably, would find grounds for opposing them. A large segment of the Gaullists might join in crying "American interference," although it is not at all certain that General De Gaulle himself could not

be persuaded to co-operate if intelligent American attempts were made to establish friendly relations with him. But there is certainly a good chance of rallying the Center and non-Communist Left if we try, both because such a program is one that many of these politicians really desire but are afraid to propose, and also because their personal interests are intimately tied up with a continuation of American assistance. The so-called Third Force governments in France, indeed, are able to stay in power almost solely because of United States support.

Finally, what are some of the things we should not do, or quit doing?

1. *We ought to give up the "House Beautiful" type of appeal.* The superiority of our bathrooms is not a good line.

2. *It does not aid our cause in France to talk about the advantages of capitalism and free private enterprise.* These, to the great mass of French people, are discredited institutions. Not only to Marxists, but to people generally. When they think of capitalism, they think not of the American economic system, buttressed by the American political system, but of the archaic, restrictive, low-wage economic system of France. Capitalism in America is as different from capitalism in France as it is from Socialism in England. Our job is not to defend French capitalism but to win friends for United States foreign policy.



INSECTS &

“The Law of the Land”

By RENZO DEE BOWERS

INSECTS cannot be denied credit for backstage maneuvering to promote many of the colossal events and decisions that have shaken the equilibrium of the world. No telling what would have happened at Waterloo if a bee had not crept into the pants of a marshal on Napoleon's side and made him late in arriving, due to sensitiveness to the pressure of his saddle.

You would be surprised that things so small as insects could stir up as much trouble as they do between human beings.

Why, even the tiny gnat has been powerful enough in his innocent way to stir up the processes of the law and bring forth declarations of judicial opinion and policy.

For instance, Larry King, a bookkeeper, was whirling along a country road on a summer afternoon, having a wonderful time on his new motorcycle. He suddenly plunged into a swarm of gnats engaged in conducting an aerial party directly in his path. One of them, too slow in retreat, blew straight into Larry's eye, and he involuntarily closed the lid down over it.

King's efforts to dislodge the unwelcome caller over a period of several days proved abortive. The annoyance and distress it occasioned were acute. While at first he was not hindered from keeping books as usual, he was compelled to give up that occupation in time for other work that would not tax his vision. His eye gradually failed in sight until it finally became so weak that he could not distinguish light from darkness, and was unable to differentiate one object from another.

King held an accident insurance policy. He asked the company to pay up. It refused. Among other reasons for its refusal, it claimed that the gnat's entrance into the eye was not an accident. That was a point the company's lawyers argued strenuously when King sued on the policy. After painstaking deliberation and diligent research of legal authorities, the state supreme court ordered the insurance company to pay. So, out of the little zipping creature's activities that summer afternoon came this judicial edict for our guidance: If a gnat gets into your eye, its doing so is an accident.

MOSQUITOES, too, have had their day in court. The fate of Carl Tracy demonstrated how they could worm their way into hallowed judicial precincts and draw attention to their professional proclivities.

Carl was a traveling salesman, away from home, sleeping at a familiar hotel. Near morning, while going through a few restless turns after long slumber, he kicked the covers from his feet. A little later, he was brought suddenly awake by a needle-like jab into a toe.

He went on about his work for a few days, although his stabbed toe became inflamed and caused lameness. An abscess formed on the toe, and a surgeon operated. Blood poisoning set in. Tracy died, leaving to his widow an intensified mistrust of all mosquitoes, and a fair-sized accident insurance policy.

The insurance company refused to pay for Tracy's death, arguing that the sting of his toe was no accident, because the mosquito, exercising the natural traits of its kind, had meant to do it; or, the company said accusatively, Tracy had himself invited the attack by kicking the covers from his feet and exposing a vulnerable toe to the vicious stab of a Lilliputian proboscis, and so was guilty of contributory negligence.

A wise court was not taken in by this flimsy argument. It brushed the contention aside with the pregnant remark: "Tracy's death from the mosquito bite could be as truly said to have been effected through ex-

ternal, violent, and accidental means, as though death had been caused by the sudden, unforeseen, and unexpected bite of a poisonous snake."

COURTS insist vigorously that when you bring the misconduct of an accused insect before them for judicial scrutiny, you must know your insect. They hold you to the requirement of reasonably-certain identification, applying, inferentially, the primary element of the Irishman's prescription for killing a flea: "First, catch your flea."

An Ohio woman, Mrs. Hattie Getchell, recently ran afoul of this court-made *sine qua non*. Spending the night in a neighboring town where they had gone on some convention matters, Mrs. Getchell and two other women occupied a hotel room together. The night was warm. The windows were open and un-screened. About two o'clock in the morning Mrs. Getchell was awakened by a burning and stinging sensation in her right arm. A welt soon appeared above her elbow. Infection quickly set in. During the ensuing day it generated great pain and caused her suffering which continued for several days.

Mrs. Getchell thought the hotel managers ought to pay her damages for her injury, and told them so. They asked what had bitten her. She said it was "some poisonous bug. A specimen of the spider family." They asked her how she knew. And she said, "Well, it couldn't have

been anything else. Here's his trademark!" They pooh-poohed. Then she took them to court over their "poisonous and venomous bug." The judge asked her the same questions. When she could not answer definitely, things began to look dark for her. In the end she lost her case.

House flies are insects, too, and they sometimes go courting for other purposes than to crawl on the judge's bald spot. When they arrive in the domain of court-made law, the field of decision is wide open. Their cases are unhampered by precedent. What may once have happened to a gnat or mosquito is no criterion of what may happen to flies.

TO CITE proof of these animadversions, a Mr. Cal Stafford engaged rooms and meals for himself and his family at a summer resort for a definite number of weeks.

Descending to the dining room the first evening they found their reserved table aglitter with cut glass and polished silver. The prospect was dazzling and most pleasing from a distant approach. But upon arriving at the immediate scene they found the snowy cloth dotted with little winged guests ready on the instant to partake of the Stafford feast.

In strict accord with the amenities, the insect visitors rose in a body until their hosts were seated. Then they dropped at once to their former positions. A period of silence and of watchful waiting on all sides en-

sued, with the small guests moving about on the table only enough to allow the dishes of food to be placed. Casting aside all considerations of politeness and hospitality at this point, hosts and guests at once plunged into a contest to the finish.

Back in their rooms, the Staffords held a hurried counsel to determine whose was the next move. The unanimous decision was to "get out, *pronto*," or, as expressed later in a judicial report of the occurrence, "they felt constrained to break up their plans and to move to another place."

An aggrieved resort manager promptly sued Cal Stafford to collect payment for the entire period for which accommodations had been engaged.

The litigation was long and complicated. The end came in the cloistered purlieu of a staid New England court of last resort. "One does not like to think," the judges began, quoting a famous Public Health series, "that the fly now walking around the edge of the cream jug was a short time ago regaling an impartial palate on the choicest morsels in the dust bin, ash pit, or garbage can." Then, after so castigating the objects of their personal and official scorn, they posed this staggering query: "Is a guest legally justified in leaving a hostelry if flies are allowed to collect on the table in such numbers as to become unsanitary and repulsive?" It was a challenging test of judicial acumen. The

court met it unflinchingly. In a matter of 10,000 printed words, they recorded the official declaration that in circumstances of the kind a guest is legally justified in packing up and leaving without paying the balance of the unearned increment.

Courts are generally willing and ready to go all-out when complaint is made to them of injurious conduct of even one little insect. But it happens infrequently that they do balk and refuse to play ball because the impleaded small fry of the insect world have not been numerous enough in the particular instance to be considered fomenters of strife in the human world.

Lately, a family named Weber ran up against a judicial impasse of the kind. Having moved into a New York bungalow under a lease for a term of months, they had their sleep broken into the first night by the advent of what Mrs. Weber afterward described horrifically as a tribe or aggregation of "noxious, stinking, and nasty insects, called bugs." Upon investigation the next day, two bugs were discovered.

THE Webers complained to the landlord, who sent a professional exterminator to apply his craft. Two more bugs were encountered on that foray, and properly disposed of. A day or two later, the Webers found yet another bug, indignantly moved out, since there was neither a housing shortage nor rent control, and

sued the landlord on the claim that he had broken his implied obligation to furnish them a house fit to live in.

The court said: "Tut! Tut! There were not enough of the invaders to justify you in abandoning the lease. Case dismissed." And one of the judges muttered under his breath, "*De minimis non curat lex*," which, in case your Latin is rusty, means, "The law pays no attention to trifles."

It is seldom, however, that courts apply this legal maxim by refusing to adjudge between conflicting contentions of people on the ground that the *casus belli* was too insignificant to justify expenditure of official time, or legal research, or the effort necessary to demonstrate and record the principles of law that govern the case. Human controversies, and consequent litigation, may arise from a thing so colossal as the dissipation of the total assets of a national bank, or so relatively trifling as the injurious sting of a bee. In judicial eyes, the necessity of arriving at exact justice between man and man is as acute in one instance as in the other.

And from each case involving even a tiny insect comes an authoritative announcement of a controlling legal rule or principle that bears directly upon human relationships, constituting that invisible entity which we Americans proudly acclaim as "The Law of the Land."



The Presidential Cocktail

By DWIGHT FELIX PEABODY

OF that vast army of self-styled epicures in the great American art of mixing and consuming delectable alcoholic libations, undoubtedly the most exacting, most arrogant, most bigoted and most boastful is the fancier of the dry martini.

Any professional bartender will tell you that. He will also tell you that more atrocities have been committed in the name of the dry martini by the huge hordes of amateur drink-mixers than all other beverages put together. There is the mixer who uses sherry instead of vermouth, and the fellow who fortifies with vodka instead of gin. There are the addicts of lemon peel, olive, and the pickled onion; of orange bitters, angostura bitters, olive brine or onion brine. There is even the new, unorthodox school who pour their mixture over ice cubes and call it "martini-on-the-rocks." But there is one characteristic on which all true martini drinkers — and mixers — are agreed. It must be *dry*.

Their tastes may range from ten gin to one vermouth all the way down to four-to-one, but to drop the ratio any lower is to label a man as utterly lacking in decency and good taste.

And therein lies one of the hitherto undisclosed scandals of the New Deal. For among the most heretical and iconoclastic of martini mixers was none other than that most controversial, most heretical and most iconoclastic of Presidents, Franklin Delano Roosevelt.

The reaction of the true martini drinker to the Rooseveltian cocktail is best illustrated by that of a staunch New Dealer who left a White House luncheon back in the middle 'thirties, a shaken, disillusioned man.

"That man," he whispered hoarsely to a waiting newspaper correspondent (and no hard-shelled Republican at the New York Union League Club ever put more emotion into a reference to the late President), that man is a *sweet* martini addict."

Curiously, the newsman missed the significance of that most significant remark. Had he published it at the time the whole course of history might have been changed. It could have cost the President the vote of nine-tenths of the nation's martini drinkers, and that, sirs, is a sizeable block of votes.

It was not until after the Teheran conference that the President's

secret was ferretted out. When the correspondents filed into the President's first press conference on his return to Washington, Mr. Roosevelt, always politically astute, quickly noted their resentful expressions.

They were still smarting under the censorship restrictions at Teheran, where the rule apparently was not to release news to the U.S. men until the London *Times* had already printed it. But FDR did not know this.

"What are they going to give me hell about today?" the President asked out of the side of his mouth to radio correspondent Jack Reed.

"I don't know about the rest of them," Reed replied, *sotto voce*. "As for me, I'm just going to ask you for your recipe for those martinis you are supposed to have mixed for Stalin and Churchill — 'According to your own favorite recipe,' it says here."

"Oh good Lord, don't ask that," the President exclaimed in alarm. There was a Presidential election in the offing. The farm states, where dry sentiment is still strong, were regarded as pivotal. And then, too, the votes of all those orthodox martini fanciers were at stake.

Although he did not get a chance to ask the question at that particular conference, Correspondent Reed scented a story, and he set to work with persistence and ingenuity to extract it from the President. For weeks, just before each press conference opened, Reed, always sta-

tioned directly in front of the President, whispered loudly: "I'm going to ask that question, Mr. President. This time I'm really going to ask it." And each time, and with growing apprehension, the President responded: "Don't you dare."

FOR several weeks Reed continued his war of nerves with the President. He even took to clearing his throat loudly, after each comment made by the President, and every time Reed cleared his throat, Roosevelt would dart a quick nervous glance in his direction, then, with frantic haste, nod to a friendly correspondent to jump into the breach with a friendly question.

Finally the President surrendered. One day Presidential Secretary Steve Early silently handed Correspondent Reed a sheet of White House stationery. On it, neatly typed, was the President's recipe:

Chill gin well. Mix *two-to-one*. Sniff mixture. If it smells of gin add more vermouth [!!]. If it smells of vermouth, add a couple of drops of gin [!!]. Add one teaspoon of olive brine for each martini. Ice and serve with olive. For extra smoothness, rub rim of glass with lemon peel.

And why did not Correspondent Reed break his sensational scoop? Because Reed, an anti-New Deal Republican, is a sweet-martini man himself, and despite his political prejudices and a lifetime in journalism, he could not find it in his heart to betray a fellow sinner.



BLUEPRINT FOR CONQUEST

By Dr. Fred Schwartz

WORLD conquest is as essential to Communism as water is to fish. All Communists are absolutely convinced that historical forces have ordained that they shall rule the world. Beginning with Karl Marx in the *Communist Manifesto* of 1848, this idea finds expression as a confident certainty in the writings of every Communist leader. Communist tactics have varied from age to age, and yesterday's orthodoxy is today's heresy; but in this sea of change one constant has been their utter uncertainty that they will rule the world.

World conquest is the very fulcrum around which the entire Communist program for remaking mankind rotates. What grounds are there for the Communists to believe that their plan for world conquest will be successful? What objective arguments can they advance in support of this assurance? It's a very sobering thought, but it's nevertheless true, that the measure of success that has attended the Communist program thus far surpasses their dreams of avarice. At this moment

the Communists are in absolute control of 800 million people.

In 1917 the founder of Bolshevism, Nicholai Lenin, sat in a café in Geneva, Switzerland. He was a lonely, isolated, and bitter man, at that time leader of a mere forty thousand fanatical Bolsheviks. Suddenly and unexpectedly the spontaneous revolution of February 1917 occurred in Russia, dethroning the Czar, creating a republic, and bringing to power the social revolutionary leader, Karensky. The revolutionaries in exile, in Siberia and the rest of the world, hastened back to Petrograd.

On arriving at the hub of Russian revolutionary activity Lenin startled everyone, including his own followers, by announcing that he, with his tiny party of 40,000 members, was prepared to take over and govern the whole of Russia. The other Marxists and revolutionary leaders looked at him in amazement. They doubted his sanity; they said in effect, "Poor old Lenin, exile must have gone to his head. Farewell, Lenin, the Marxist — welcome, Lenin

the Anarchist." But Lenin set to work, and today the party of Lenin sits in iron control over 800 million people. Forty thousand has grown to 800 million in 35 years!

It is inconceivable that any such vast increase could have come to pass without a program, without a plan, without centralized direction; and it is undeniable that there has been nothing accidental or casual about Communist conquest to date. The program was enunciated in detail in 1924 and the general lines of Communist advance have followed very closely the program then laid down.

The Bolsheviks organized the revolution in Russia in the confident expectation that it would be but the prelude to an immediate European revolutionary conflagration. Every Bolshevik leader was agreed that unless the Russian revolution were followed and supported by European revolutionary forces there were no prospects of success. Lenin said not once, but many times: "The simple fact is this: Unless there is a revolution in Germany, we are doomed."

The difficulties confronting the new regime were enormous. Firstly the famine; then came the civil war, followed by the wars of intervention. But the Bolsheviks were constantly borne up by the hope that reinforcements from the European revolutionary forces were just around the corner. The European revolution

smoldered; in different places there were minor outbreaks, with some measure of success. For a time a Hungarian Soviet was established and there was a short-lived Soviet in Bavaria in Germany. But the real European revolution did not materialize and the Russian revolutionary forces were left to their own resources.

By dint of brutal courage, tremendous cruelty, utter contempt for human life, and organized terror, they managed to survive the initial difficulties; and with the re-introduction of a form of capitalism known as the New Economic Policy, or NEP, economic conditions in Russia improved and a measure of stability had come to pass when the leader of the Communist movement, Lenin, died in 1924.

The vast majority of people throughout the world, including Russia, expected that the mantle of Nicholai Lenin would fall upon the shoulders of Leon Trotsky. The name of Trotsky had been joined with that of Lenin throughout all the world as the co-author of the Bolshevik revolution of 1917. But Trotsky was opposed by a man unknown throughout the world and almost unknown in Russia itself.

HE HAD none of the brilliant personal characteristics of Leon Trotsky. He had been born in the same year and rejoiced in the name of Joseph Vissarionovich Djughashvili. Where Lenin and Trotsky had

lived in European exile, the man later known to the world as Joseph Stalin had remained in Russia as a consistent Party member and organizer. He was not imbued with the cultural ideas of Europe but was the child of Asia, with the slow patience of the East. He was not the brilliant individualist but the man of the machine, the bureaucrat, the organizer par excellence. In opposition to Trotsky, who was convinced that Russia should support the revolution in Germany, Stalin advanced an alternative program. Contending that Europe had had her chance and had failed, he proposed that the Soviets should seal off the border between Russia and Europe, organize socialism within Russia itself, while simultaneously training agitators who would take the message into the countries of the East. "Look to the East," said Stalin. "The vast uncounted masses of the earth reside in poverty, in malnutrition, in dirt, in disease, in ignorance. How ripe they are for agitation to revolution! Let us prod to wakefulness the sleeping giant of Asia, conquer the East and postpone our conquest of the West until the East is in our hands." This program was advanced by Joseph Stalin in 1924.

In the conflict after Lenin's death, Trotsky was defeated and Stalin emerged triumphant. The basic Communist program of world conquest via Asia went into operation as a specific project in 1924. We see today the terrifying result of the

plan of Joseph Stalin, where 800 million people are now within the Communist maw.

THE Communist blueprint for world conquest had three major aspects. There was firstly the organization of the advance into Asia and the conquest of Asia. Secondly there was the concurrent program for the West, a program which aimed to neutralize the West so that no effective opposition to the Communist eastern advance would take place until it was too late. The third aspect of the program was an internal plan for Russia itself whereby the Russian people were to be unified and built into a monolithic centralized organism rotating around a new deity, a new father — around the person of Stalin himself.

The conquest of Asia is partly history, but much yet remains to be done. Before our startled eyes we observed the Communist conquest of China. We see a situation today where the whole of the East is in flames. There is war in Korea, where the ground is soaked with the blood of the sons of America. Further south, in Indo-China, the civil war rages. The Communist blueprint for the Asian area is first China, extending through Indo-China, south-east Asia, India, the islands of the Pacific, and ultimately Japan. Anyone remembering the Japanese fervor and fanaticism of the last war and their technical proficiency will shudder at the thought of another 100

million Japanese being added to the Communist hordes dedicated to the conquest of the United States.

While the Eastern advance was in preparation and consummation, the Communists were by no means idle with regard to the West. The problem as they saw it was to buy sufficient time from Western intervention to enable them to become invincible by reason of their Eastern conquests.

TO CONTROL American opinion, to confuse, divide, and thus to conquer, Stalin set up long in advance a program of infiltration of key organizations and movements so that when the crisis hour came he would be in control of public opinion where it mattered and be able to prevent any effective action by the threatened Western powers to prevent his conquest.

The essential instrument of Communist policy in this country was the Institute of Pacific Relations. The agents of Stalin infiltrated and took this Institute into their hands many years in advance of the Chinese conquest. Stalin was in control of public opinion in this country during the crisis hours.

The Institute served as a tool to mold public opinion in the colleges, in the universities, in the State Department, and in governmental agencies within this country.

We are confronted with this almost incredible fact: The Chinese Communist leader, Mao Tse-tung,

was writing such statements as this: "I am a Stalinist. Stalin is my leader. The Chinese Communist Party is a portion of the international proletarian party." "The Chinese revolution is a portion of the international proletarian revolution to destroy imperialism." While he was writing statements of this nature in English, available to anyone, the Information and Education section of the United States Army circularized the troops telling them that the Chinese Communists were not Communists at all. They were really "agrarian reformers." They had no connection with Soviet Russia; they were democrats as we were, and the Communist conquest in China posed no threat to American sovereignty and security.

WE SEE that the Communist conspiracy was so effective, their diagnosis of the mechanisms of the American educated mind so accurate, that while they, in their own publications, maintained perfect honesty and manifested utter frankness, they controlled American publications which persuaded people who should have known better to believe precisely what the Communists desired them to believe.

In 1950 a high-ranking officer of the Information and Education section of the United States Army told me how foolish we were to be involved in war in Korea, that we had left it in the first place because in the event of war with

Russia we couldn't even evacuate our troops. He then turned to China and said, "China isn't important, China is not the place we need to worry about." Then he turned over to Europe and said, "This is where we must be strong at all costs. This is where the threat to America lies." He thought Trotsky, not Stalin, was forming Russian foreign policy.

While the Eastern advance and the Western infiltration were in progress, Stalin turned his attention to the problem of the preparation of the Russian people for their historic role. He was a student of the East and he observed what had happened in Japan. There an entire people had been organized around the person of the Emperor so that they were a unity with a degree of fanatical courage never equaled in the West. He decided to introduce in Russia a Stalinist cult.

AT HIS death this worship had reached fantastic heights and every Communist periodical, every Russian scientific work, began with an address of adoration and worship, to Stalin. To achieve this it was necessary to eliminate every contender near the throne.

In 1917 the central committee of the Bolshevik Party, which organized the revolution, contained 31 members and alternates. Until this year, one survived and one only. Joseph Stalin. Practically every other member was assassinated.

It was not only the leaders of the

Communist Party who suffered; practically 90 per cent of the original Communist members went the way of their leaders, and a new generation who knew not Lenin, who knew not Trotsky, who knew not the old leaders, came into being.

AROUND the person of Stalin there was built the most dogmatic religious system of adoration and worship, so that countless millions would sacrifice everything they had, including life itself, at the faintest gesture from this man. The most casual observer must acknowledge that Stalin's program achieved a greater measure of success than any other in the annals of man. The question is, How do his successors propose to consummate the plan and how quickly do they expect to conquer the entire world?

As has been indicated, the Asian advance is now well established. Where is the next area suitable to their program? The areas in which the people are ignorant, illiterate, hungry and oppressed, ideal material for Communist propaganda, areas where the internal revolutions can be stimulated, where countries can be conquered largely by means of internal forces. These areas are in the Near East and in Africa. So after the conquest of Asia, the next step on the Communist program is the conquest of Africa.

No country has ever been taken over by the Communists unless it has had a common border with an-

other Communist country, except the original conquest of Russia by the Bolsheviks. The Communists know that they can start revolutions without good lines of communications, but they cannot reinforce and maintain them. Therefore, as they wish to conquer Africa, they must come down via the Near East.

Arab Moslems form a population majority here. The dominant emotion in this group of people is resentment and hatred of Israel. The Arabs identify the establishment of Israel with America and to a certain extent with Britain, even though Russia was the first nation to vote for the partition of Palestine. Stalin knew that actions speak louder than words. What better method to woo the Arabs than to take his own leading Jews, the very symbols of Judaism in the Communist world, those who had taken over Czechoslovakia in his name, and accuse them of an American-inspired Zionist plot to enslave the Arabs? The temperature of the Near East rises several degrees in warmth towards Stalin and the entire Communist program. Thus the stage for the conquest of the Near East is being set, and the march into Africa.

After Asia and Africa have been conquered, when they have 1,700 million people under their control, then and not until then, will the Communists turn and overrun Western Europe.

In South America the Communists are very strong, and the next

move may well be across to South America where the internal revolutionary forces can again be put into operation. Finally we have the culminating act of this drama, when from the north and from the south, from the east and from the west a million aircraft set out on their last journey. Manned by conditioned suicidal pilots with no desire to return home, then landing at every American airport and every American city, they will devastate and crush the United States of America. Here the fulfillment of the Communist blueprint, the conquest of the world, will become a reality.

WHAT IS your answer? How can all this be prevented? The essential minimum of intelligent counteraction is understanding. When we have an understanding of the Communist mind and purpose, their actions are interpretable and to a certain extent predictable.

I would add to understanding, courage, dedication, and faith. May we, in America and the free world, living under the privileges secured by men of God and founded upon the concepts of individual liberty, be able to bring to this battle at least as much dedication of heart and mind as the Communists brought to Joseph Stalin. Knowledge, courage, dedication and faith in God are the cornerstones of an effective answer to the Communist threat. The issue is intensely personal. What are we going to do?

IS THERE A GOD?



By Frank J. and K. Bruno Buerger



IS THERE a God? The very question sounds almost like blasphemy to unnumbered millions of devout people; but this is the most important question the finite mind of man can possibly ask.

The very fact that man is able to ask the question "Is there a God?" should in itself be sufficient proof that there is and must be a God. But man is an intensely proud creation and demands absolute proof. Man figures he has the sense of reason, so why not exercise that faculty?

Thousands upon thousands of proofs abound. Behold the creation of the human body itself. A more perfect machine can never be made. Consider the invisible microbe that even the most powerful lenses cannot detect. The terrible power of the mighty tiger. The beauty of the peacocks. The song of the golden canary. The monsters of the fathomless sea. The air waves of the radio. The revolution of the earth around the sun and the moon around the earth. The different speeches of countless tongues. The blending of the royal purple and the glittering orange into the liquid gold of a brilliant sunset. The music of the wind whispering through a forest. The

simplicity of the unassuming violet or the grandeur of the orchid. The change of the four seasons. The suspense of the lightning and the roll of thunder. The height of the glacier mountain and the depth of the turbulent ocean. The perfume of the rose. The silence of the night and the noise of the day. The magic of a restful slumber. The wild and angry oncoming tides that crash upon the rocky shore and recede in a silvery, peaceful foam. The ever-changing clouds above. Clouds that drop beautiful, geometric-designed flakes of snow to blanket Mother Earth with a white mantle. Clouds that in summer send drops of crystal-clear rain to quench the soil so that man may live. The tiny hummingbird flitting from flower to flower, and the powerful eagle surveying everything from his roost on the mountain peak. The soft zephyr and the tornado destroying all in its path. The warmth of the morning sun and the heat of a parched Sahara. The pure water of the mountain brook. The salty brine of the five seas, the precious stones in the rocks of the earth. The ever-changing shadows and the brilliance of the sun. The lisp of the innocent child and the resounding echo of the forest.

THE MAJESTY of proud man himself should be sufficient proof for one and all that there is a God. But let us look upwards into the firmament and contemplate the stars.

What a flow of sublime thought rushes through the mind, as in the solitude of the stillness of night we gaze in rapture at the stars that radiate and glow in vast, ethereal space. Luminous diadems of the firmament resplendent in their celestial grandeur, they blazon forth in brilliant glory from the utmost depths of a tranquil sky. Yet ever true to their course, unceasingly, in endless array they hurtle space and hold their sway in those boundless dominions.

'Tis a gorgeous display that warms the heart — so soft and smooth, so soothing to our wearied soul. We feel at ease, a calm enshrouds us with its restful mantle of deep reverie. We behold the universe! The by-gone ages roll by. How insignificant we appear! We think of life, we think of death, we think of eternity. We pause, and pondering, hesitate. *Why are we? Whence came we? Whither do we go?* In this turbulent maelstrom that surrounds us, what part do we play? Here today — gone on the morrow — merely a spark in the space of time. *Why is it all?* How did it come about? From whence, and to what end? That is the great enigma — the riddle of life.

Then we reckon with ourselves and see proud presumptuous man, with arrogant and

haughty mien. Vainglorious in his self-conceit, he feign would claim that he, yes he alone, is master unto himself.

Intolerantly, he dominates with ruthless power or insidious cunning. His conscience is stifled in the ambition to gratify his lust for power, pleasure, and the ease of luxury.

Yet each man comes and quickly passes on his way, helpless in his coming, and also in his going, and not knowing of the future. He clings to this life with all its turmoil and strife, its love and its hate, its joys and its sorrows, its unknown tomorrow. Be it in hope or despair, be he king or pauper, hero or renegade, still against ultimate death he is helpless — though all mankind bend to his power, and science lend all its efforts. Meanwhile the world rolls on, the stars shine forth, and relentlessly the ages pass, while nations rise and fall, as meteors in a flash into oblivion.

The aeon of time is nil. Change is constant all about us, yet no element is destroyed; for there is no chaos in the cosmic universe.

What reason, what intelligence, what influence dominates all, even to mind and matter, life and death? Only a self-existing, uncreated power, that was, that is, that ever will be — an Omnipotent God in whom we will find our destiny. "My God who made me, who saved me, that my soul may rest in Him eternally." Yes, there is and there must be a God.



THE TIME HAS COME



By Michael Ligocki



WE can now, safely and without regret, move the television set into the attic or basement, wherever things are stored in moth balls or put away for possible future use. It will be in good company among junior's old crib, the leather-covered sofa, and the gramophone with the horn-of-plenty-shaped loudspeaker. Maybe some people don't think so yet, but then they haven't had TV for half a decade as *we* have had.

Television came as a challenge to the curiosity of humanity. How low in plunging would the necklines go, and how high could a thigh be exposed? Men bought the sets and watched, waiting for the unveiling both from the top of the figure and the bottom, until their eyes grew bloodshot and strained from peering at the year-after-year strip tease.

But let's not blame the men alone for TV. Women were interested in aspects of the thing, too. What was proper on TV would be proper for them. Necklines now plunge everywhere as recklessly as the conscience of a woman will dare. But the TV industry actually began its serious sales with appeal to the women, by providing real corn-fed bone crushers in the scantiest of scanties, with

profuse doormats as their plunging necklines. These were the wrestlers.

The broadcasters' self-imposed principles of good practice now suggest that purely physical exhibition has gone as far as it will go. Voluntary censorship has been instituted to preserve whatever gains possible, to forestall any moral lynchers who might begin an anti-TV crusade, and to stifle any purifying society bent on preventing octogenarians from getting ideas too young for their bone and muscle.

There are still some primitive people who sit evening after evening watching repetitions of last week's, last month's and last year's boring programs and obsolete movies, with the dishes piling up in the sink and the ashes creeping to the ceiling in the basement. Such confidence that something interesting and worthwhile may turn up unexpectedly on the TV screen indicates a rare form of loyalty. The TV industry should offer such persons viewing awards, and reward them with spot appearances on the shows.

How much real living goes down the drain while Berle or Gleason capers for his six or seven figure an-

nual revenue, and what value in genuine entertainment and education ensues, statisticians will never be able to compute, even with the latest electronic machines. TV, which needs mountains of imagination and talent, stifles the source because it keeps youth wasting away precious hours watching relatively worthless programs — hours which could have been spent in fostering talents much better than youth now sees on the screen. In the mad spree to nourish itself TV recreates anything out of the past to gobble up the present, but does little to plant for the future. As the mighty forests of intellect and talent are cut away, a conservation program will have to be instituted. All the lost music practice, art training, and composition exercises which old and young sacrifice for viewing TV promise only diminishing returns in TV material — and generation after generation of progressively thicker skulls.

But a worse and more pressing blight is upon us. A persuasive sharper harangues out of the TV screen in the living room, sowing his message wholesale and robbing millions of people of from 5 to 15 minutes at a time of their life span, while he extols a household gadget you bought ten years ago and have never used after a first trial. Or, he may tell you about a mink coat you can get for \$1,850 with no money down and nothing to pay until the moths start eating up the buttons.

Television not only shakes out whatever brains the average viewer may have, but also comes right into his living room to shake out his pockets as well. The marts of the world have their most alluring and persuasive salesmen telling you what to buy with the money you do not yet possess.

Most people are still attracted to the television screen with a somewhat more than magnetic grip, sopping up the good and the very bad offerings with an equally rapt thirst for vicarious living. Yet any fool should know that second-hand reports on living are no substitute for the real and personal hustle and tussle of brushing shoulders with other humans.

For all its convenience in providing diversion and entertainment, the social spark is utterly missing from television. It used to be that only at social gatherings were you able to see wallflowers, those pitiable creatures who took no part in the excitement about them except to yearn through their eyes. Now every living room is full of the domestic variety, having no communion even in intra-family life, breeding strangers among their own kin.

Such a condition of things threatens not only human relations of a superficial sort but even romance — and in a broad sense the whole preservation of what little civilization we have. Shy damsels and youths can retire to the living room, carrying a platter of nourishment

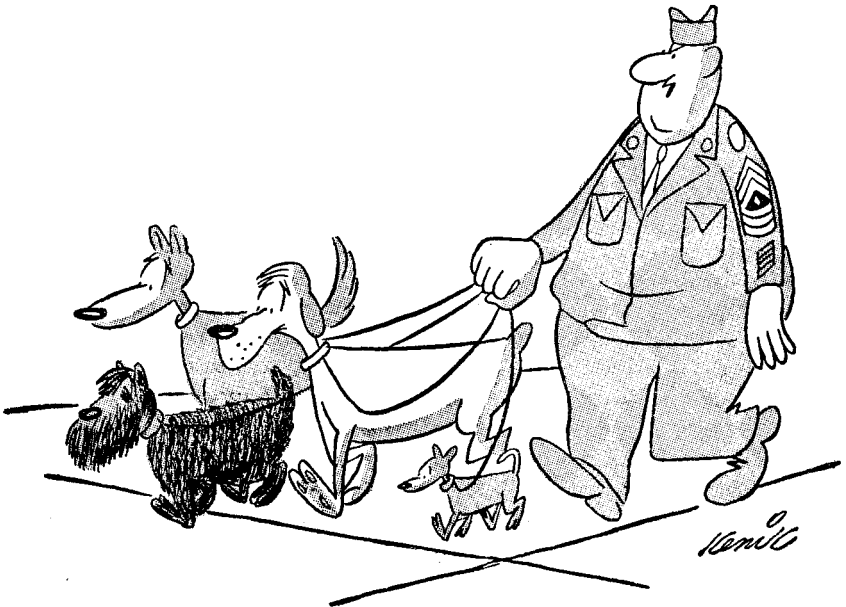
for subsistence, and lead their secluded life without any need of providing their own personal fantasy. Of course, a knight in shining armor, or an available siren, won't actually come galloping or traipsing off the screen to propose or seduce. But that is the very trouble that threatens the future of civilization with a rampant TV. Unentangled sexes who cloister themselves into domestic wallflowers don't even breed their own kind.

Maybe it's a blessing that a medium of entertainment which once gave so much promise of relieving boredom is now getting boring to people who want more living in their

lives and less flickering before their eyes.

Anyhow, like a novel that has been well read or a phonograph record worn out from constant playing, TV has little left to offer those who have scanned and absorbed its panorama. The novelty is gone and only suffering its presence remains. Some habits beaten into the brain by electronics persist, but every new yearning to view the thing again earns only new disappointment.

So, the attic or the basement, among other relics of our galloping age, is the best place for TV. The spiders and the mice perhaps could do with a little electronic uplifting.



"All right, now, dress up that line!"

WHO ASSASSINATED COUNT BERNADOTTE?

BY KURT SINGER

THIS is the story of Myra. No one knows her real name and probably no one ever will. They made an animal, a wild beast, out of her at the German concentration camp at Belsen.

She must have been beautiful once. She was not beautiful when she was rescued by American troops liberating the inmates of the murder camps of the Nazis. Her sensitive skin was not used for lampshades in that camp where Ilse Koch ruled, but it bore the serial number tattooed on the arms of all concentration camp prisoners.

Myra was a displaced person who was brought to the camp for one reason only: she was a Jewess. She would have been gassed and put into the incinerators if the Americans had come a few days later. She was released, a psychoneurotic who needed mental care for years. Myra left the camp. The world and its frontiers were closed to her, with one exception: she could go as an immigrant to Israel. This she did. She came with one wish only: to fight back, to avenge what the world had done to her. To her, every

Christian resembled the men who had killed the Jews in the camps and used their bones to make Nazi soap.

Every Britisher in Palestine was a beast who should be treated like a Nazi. Every Arab should be liquidated since, to her, he stood in the way of the new Jewish state. She was a madwoman. She wanted to die in open warfare, while fighting. She asked for the most dare-devil assignments. No responsible Jewish organization wanted to deal with her. Jewish social workers saw to it that she was brought to a clinic, but Myra escaped.

A FEW weeks before Sweden's Count Folke Bernadotte, of the United Nations, left for Palestine as mediator to bring peace between the Arabs and Israelis, a member of the Jewish community in Stockholm warned the Swedish police that a madwoman, Myra X, might attempt to murder the Count while he attended the Red Cross convention in Stockholm. Guards were put out, but Count Bernadotte laughed off the threat.

But in Israel, the extremists were

opposing Bernadotte as well as the Arabs. I, who happened to have known him for many years in Sweden, consider him one of the greatest humanitarians and idealists, a man who sincerely tried to bring peace to the Holy Land. Dr. Ralph Bunche has called Bernadotte "the greatest man I ever knew." Still, Bernadotte was hated by many because his peace proposals did not suit either the Israelis or the Arabs.

Myra led the propaganda against Bernadotte. To her distorted mind, Bernadotte was the man who had betrayed freedom when he had had several secret meetings in 1944 with Gestapo chief and "mass-murderer" Heinrich Himmler in an attempt to bring about peace.

If she could not kill Himmler she would kill the man who had discussed peace with him and who was now discussing peace with Israel's enemies.

On his arrival in the Holy City, he was greeted with posters: "Stockholm is yours, Bernadotte — Jerusalem is ours. Go home. You work in vain. *We* are here."

At noon, September 17, 1948, Bernadotte's white peace plane was flying over the Judean hills. A radio message warned the plane: "Urgent. Inform all aircraft against landing Kalandia airport. They will be fired upon."

"Do you want to jump now or be fired upon with us?" Count Bernadotte asked the accompanying foreign correspondents. "This is an

obvious attempt to frighten me. If so, someone is mistaken. I will not be frightened," the Count added.

Bernadotte landed, wearing his Red Cross uniform. He went into Jerusalem. As he drove toward Mount Scopus a bullet from the mountains hit his car's running-board and another punctured a tire.

The Bernadotte party stopped and the Count declared: "I do not like this delay, and I do not like to be shot at."

He left, when the car had been fixed, without the newspapermen. They said to him seriously, "Good luck, Count," and he answered, "I'll need it." But he did not hesitate. As the first man ever to enter Nazi prison camps and gas chambers during the war to rescue thousands of Jews, he had seen terror before. As a deeply religious Christian, he always said: "I need no arms. It is up to God to give and to take life."

In his gray United Nations car, Bernadotte drove on to the Government House in the Vale of Kidron, headquarters for the Red Cross and also for the local United Nations staff.

ON his way back, his party was separated into three cars. Two U.N. cars headed the caravan. Colonel Frank Begley, of Connecticut, drove Bernadotte's car, with U. S. Commander Cox on the front seat. In the back sat the Count, and with him the French observer Colonel André Serot and Swedish General

Age Lundstrom. The first two cars carried the Red Cross flag and the third the blue and white United Nations flag.

The three cars came to a road barrier, which was raised three times before the cars could pass. Then, at the foot of the Hill of Evil, where Satan is supposed to have tempted Jesus, they were suddenly stopped by six people, five men and a woman. They had left a jeep drawn up beside another roadblock. The U.N. party was sure this was an ordinary traffic control and stopped. Two men carrying Sten guns strode along the cars. The woman followed the men. Colonel Begley afterwards stated that they started to shoot at once. A gun was put through the window ventilator of the Bernadotte car. Lundstrom was uninjured. Serot, the French observer, was killed. "Are you hurt, Folke?" asked General Lundstrom. The Count nodded. Then the General saw that Bernadotte's rows of decorations were torn by bullets. Blood was on his uniform, but he was still alive.

Begley jumped into the car and said, "Perhaps there is still a chance," and he drove to the bombed Hadassah Hospital. The assassins had left. The time was five P.M. But before Bernadotte could be carried into the hospital he was dead.

Mankind was shocked. Jews were shocked all over Israel. The Jewish government leaders sent their condolences to the U.N., to the Countess, and to Sweden, a country which

saved many Jewish lives in the war.

The assassins escaped in a waiting airplane behind the Iron Curtain toward Communist Czechoslovakia, where they may still continue to plot — perhaps now the murder of democracy in the new State of Israel. Who knows?

The Israeli courts declared that the assailants were trained men and women. What the Nazis had done in the extermination camps, Myra had learned and used in the Holy Land.

"The murder as it was actually carried out and all the preparations that went with it," said the courts, "are predicated on the following points: (a) a clear decision to assassinate Count Bernadotte and the elaboration of a detailed plan for its carrying out; (b) a complex spy network capable of keeping track of the Count's movements during the time of his stay in Jerusalem so as to enable those responsible for the operation to fix its place and time; (c) men experienced in this kind of activities or who had received in good time training for it; (d) appropriate arms and methods of communication as well as safe refuge after the murder; (e) a commander well experienced and responsible for the actual perpetration."

While the Israeli courts have declared this murder was not the deed of an insane individual, those psychiatrists who knew Myra are of a different opinion.

She has never been seen since the crime.

SOCIALISTS *don't like America*

A CASE OF UNREQUITED LOVE

By Robert Ingram

A BEWILDERING and perplexing place, this Europe, to American spectators who were taught by liberal professors that Socialism was their country's natural friend in the Old World! In Great Britain, it is the Labor Party — the whole Labor Party and not only its Communist wing of Bevanites — who keep swelling on the notion that America is muscles without brains. In France, the hopes of all saboteurs of the Western defense community are pinned on Jules Moch, the Socialist leader. In Italy, only a small fragment of the Socialist camp follows the lead of Premier Alcide de Gasperi, whereas the large bulk runs with Pietro Nenni, the henchman of the Kremlin. In Germany, Erich Ollenhauer, heir to the cross-grained Kurt Schumacher, does not dare to deviate an inch from his predecessor's instructions. No hurry, he says, about building German army divisions; for the most dangerous period they would be too late anyway. After Stalin's death, Ollenhauer's press chief and colleague, Fritz Heine, declared that now the West had got a breathing-space — for talking, not for acting.

The continental Socialists, French and German, hotly deny being neutralists. Yet their excuses for doing nothing and for hampering everything are inexhaustible. The European community, Schumacher said, would be capitalistic, conservative, and clerical. Even Guy Mollet, in many ways Jules Moch's antagonist in the French Socialist Party, speaks mockingly of Europe being nothing but "Little" Europe as long as Great Britain keeps aloof — in spite of the fact that this Little Europe would have more inhabitants than the United States and in spite of the certainty that the British would be lost if the Continent moved ahead without waiting for them.

ON THE one hand, the Socialists are the most ardent defenders of a national sovereignty that would be infringed by supra-national fusion. On the other hand, they preach the gospel of "everything or nothing," opposing the very reasonable British view that supra-national combines must start with common functions, step by step, and not with the constitutional charter of a

full-fledged federation. Disguised as federalists, these Socialist nationalists are opposed even to Jean Monnet's Coal and Steel Union, and they reject the truth that in the face of deadly danger, a common uniform would be the most promising start of Western unification.

What was the root of America's misjudgment that induced her, after the end of the war and even before that, to countenance European socialism and to counteract European conservatism? Is America doomed to abet her foes and to discourage her friends? Even today, most German newspapers and radio stations are staffed with anti-American writers and speakers, owing to a strange preference of our Military Government for German Socialists and fellow-travelers.

It began during the war. Under Adolf Hitler's pitiless pressure, most German emigrants who found refuge in the States were Leftists. With the aid of American liberals, they succeeded in palming off on their hosts the erroneous notion that National Socialism was a conspiracy of German reaction and militarism against the pacifist working class. In reality, National Socialism was exactly what its name indicated. It was a late offspring of that poisonous blend of nationalism and socialism which, embodied by Jacobinism, made a European curse of France's Great Revolution. Another offspring of the very same seed is Bolshevism.

Before proceeding, let us remem-

ber the mock-trials of Nuremberg. To Telford Taylor, the chief prosecutor, we may grant the benefit of his lack of historical training. The ex-German Socialists at his elbow, headed by Robert Kempner, knew exactly what they were driving at. They had a wide choice among potential defendants and picked with unfailing accuracy representatives of German conservatism, military and civilian, in order to prove their thesis that National Socialism had been a reactionary plot — in spite of the truth that Hitler's political movement had enlisted several millions of former Socialist and Communist voters, and in spite of the fact that it was German aristocrats and high brass who were executed for the attempt on Hitler's life, July 20, 1944. Very few Leftists participated.

It was this mistake about the nature of National Socialism, engendered by refugees and native liberals, that led Americans to believe that they had to look to the Left, even to the extreme Left, in order to find the friends of their country.

But having shown how America was beguiled by European Socialists into adopting them as its pets, we have still to explain why these same Socialists embraced a policy hostile to the most vital interests of the United States.

The answer lies in the origin and nature of Marxist Socialism. Its ideological ancestors were the same

as those of Hitlerism and Bolshevism. One might describe these two evils as Socialism's degeneration, resulting from a luxuriant growth of its extremes. After all, what we call liberal or democratic Socialism is itself an outcome of two elements: egalitarianism, which is, logically, the final but suicidal conclusion of the democratic challenge; and secondly, racial self-glorification, which is needed to justify everybody's claim to equality. We have all learned to realize that economic planning by the state leads inevitably to political slavery. But the Socialists declare that egalitarian democracy is incomplete as long as it does not include the nation's economy. Socialism, Winston Churchill has said, means that everyone gets half a portion in order that no one receive a double portion.

SOcialists are nationalists because the prerequisite of central planning is the state with its sovereignty unimpaired, and because the social discomfort of the worker, especially of the white-collar worker, is in dire need of a psychological compensation which he can find only in the feeling of belonging to a chosen race.

Here is another source of America's blundering in Europe. The Leftists had spread the notion that nationalism in the Old World was a traditionalist and therefore rightist heritage. Exactly the opposite was true. The traditionalist classes, first

of all the aristocrats, were free from social uneasiness and not in need of a racial counterpoise. On German soil, the most bitter enemies of nationalism in the nineteenth century were the Chancellors and Princes Metternich and Bismarck, the former the defender of the supra-national realm of the Hapsburgs, the latter the chief protagonist of the doctrine that the Reich must always stay considerably smaller than the linguistic extent of the German race. As violent anti-nationalists, both statesmen have been the target of Socialist vituperation. German Socialism has never ceased being the main citadel of Pan-Germanism. It was the Socialists who bequeathed to Hitler the slogan of "One people, one state."

In view of these antecedents, Americans should not be surprised to find conservatives as the champions of European and Atlantic union and defense. As a matter of fact, it is self-evident that it would be a major catastrophe from the American point of view if Great Britain, France, Germany, or Italy fell under the sway of Socialist-Party rule.

It is time we learned that our friends are *not* the Socialists, but the conservative traditionalists. The co-operation of American and European traditionalists is not yet organized. Yet it is to all of them a vital and urgent necessity to become aware of their mutual dependence and to act accordingly.



"You may quote me that 'Sticks and stones may break my bones, but names will never hurt me.'"

A LUTHER DISCOVERY

By LEONORA McNEILLY

I**N** browsing around old book shops or curiosity shops in search of the unusual, one is seldom rewarded by a find of any paramount value. Such was not the experience of the writer, however. My find was almost unbelievable.

It was some time ago when, meandering through an old junk shop in Newry, County Down, Ireland, I rescued from an ignominious fate what appeared to be a unique copy of the first and broadside printing of the famous *Ninety-Five Theses Against Indulgences* of Martin Luther. The document was heavily framed in mahogany, and rather soiled. It measured thirteen and a half inches by nine and a quarter. And evidently it was regarded by the proprietor with small respect since it was reposing on a heap of junk on the floor of the shop.

"How much do you want for this?" I queried, approaching the dealer.

He scratched his head. "Three shillings, Miss," he answered, eyeing me narrowly lest I think the price exorbitant.

Fearing he might repent of his bargain, I hastily paid him and left the shop — with the broadside.

But I was of no mind to allow this famous broadside to remain in the Emerald Isle, where it bade fair to go "unwept, unhonored and unsung." I had a hunch that it was valuable. Crossing the Irish Sea with it, I did not stop until I arrived with the *Theses* at the British Museum. There, after due deliberation, three experts attested to its authenticity, but suggested for their satisfaction and that of the owner that further expert advice be had, a suggestion promptly carried out. Finally, the report came through that the broadside was, indeed, original.

Eventually it was listed with Sotheby & Company of Bond Street, who held it for auction in due course. In the interval it was extensively advertised throughout Europe and the British Isles, as follows:

LUTHER, MARTIN (*Disputatio pro Declaratione Virtutis Indulgentiarum*) Begins: *Amore at studio elucidande veritatis; hec subscripta disputabatur Wittenberge. Presidente R. P. Martino Luther; Artiu et S. Theologie Magistro; elusdemque ibidem lectore Ordinario. Quare petit; ut qui nom possunt verbis presentes nobiscu disceptare; agant id literis absentes. In noie dni nostri hiesa chl. Ame., broad-*

side GOTHIC LETTER, two columns, a few wormholes repeated owing to the sheet having been at one time folded in four, a tear in the left-hand column skillfully mended, unbound. (13½ in. by 9¼ in.)

THE ORIGINAL EDITION OF LUTHER'S FAMOUS NINETY-FIVE THESES AGAINST INDULGENCES AND ONE OF THE MOST IMPORTANT BROADSIDES EVER ISSUED.

From October 31, 1517, the day on which Luther affixed a copy of the present broadside to the door of the church in Wittenberg Castle, the whole Reformation Movement takes its start. The *Ninety-five Theses* were immediately famous and were reprinted in a quarto pamphlet before the end of the year and frequently afterward. The first quarto edition has occasionally been offered for sale, but never the original broadside, so far as we have been able to ascertain.

There is no copy of the broadside among the great collections of Luther material in the Crawford Library, though it is referred to in the introduction of the catalogue of tracts by Luther and his contemporaries:

Foremost among the tracts by Luther in point of time, importance and rarity is the Disputation condemning the traffic in Indulgences. It was the usual practice and there is evidence of its continuance during the sixteenth and the greater part of the seventeenth centuries, to print Theses for academical disputes as

broad-sides so that they might be posted up in the place where they would come under the notice of all the members of the University. The earliest edition of the Theses is in this form.

A. von Dommer records no copy in the Luther Collection of the Hamburg State Library. A. Kuczynsky, in his *Thesauris libellorum historian reformationis illustrantium*, 1870, which records nearly 3,000 publications of Luther and his contemporaries, refers to the quarto edition as of extraordinary rarity and importance, but does not mention the broadside.

Meanwhile, this broadside which had created such a spiritual upheaval in 1517, now began to create an upheaval of another kind. Art connoisseurs, historians and collectors of one kind and another from all over Europe hurried to the auction in response to press notices. The find had created a furore in London. Excitement ran high; bidding was keen. And eventually this relic of those far-off troublous times, which had been purchased for three shillings, passed into the possession of *L'Ancienne Association d'Art* of Lugano, Switzerland, for the price of £330/0/0, which, at the prevailing rate of the day, yielded \$1,650. An insignificant figure compared with that at which it will, no doubt, eventually sell, and infinitesimally small when considered in relation to its real value. That cannot be reckoned in dollars and cents.

BRAVE MEN

By MARY T. RAUTH

ERNIE PYLE wrote about them — the brave men who swarmed over Africa and Italy and France, who joked and kidded and dared and died.

Some of them are still there in the lands they fought through, possessing eternally their allotted six feet of earth. Others you know: they fill your gas tank, wait on you in stores, drive your busses, build your car and machinery, milk cows, run tractors. And some of them — a lot of them — are in Veterans' Hospitals.

Mostly you have forgotten them. Not everyone — the Red Cross remembers, brings them books and toothpaste and cigarettes; the American Legion entertains them, and many other organizations help in various ways. Entertainers, amateur and professional, go into their acts for them. Uncle Sam sees to it that they keep up with the latest picture shows, gives them medical and dental care, provides occupational therapy instruction for them.

There are many Veterans' Hospitals throughout the United States — T.B. hospitals, mental hospitals, general hospitals; and there are many patients. Let me tell you about one hospital and a few of its patients.

In Indiana there is an old Army post, and here stand row upon row of one-story buildings, looking like cottages of the shot-gun type of architecture, all connected by long corridors. Some of these buildings are wards, others house recreation rooms, surgery rooms, all the essentials of a hospital. Here is the ward I know — a long, low room, windows on both sides, thirty beds. Just inside the door lies a little white shell of a man, about the color of the sheet and not much thicker than a blanket. "Still here," he will quaver, patiently, uncomplaining.

Across the aisle in the oxygen tent lies Murphy, lungs seared in a fire. Downhearted? Not the least! A warm, blithe voice, a cheerful grin, a rollicking sense of humor. No fearful

peering down any dark future for Murphy — he lives in the present only, and it is indeed a gallant present. You could never talk to him without feeling, forever after, a lift at the way he faces his life. Here is real courage.

Down the ward, a man sits on the edge of his bed and breathes — just that, but it takes effort. His lips move in and out with each breath: quick, tiring breaths.

MANY of the men here are from World War I, and I am reminded of the hours I stood on a Louisville, Kentucky street, watching an American Legion parade swing past, gay with floats and banners, band and bugles, good humored and happy. There were dark-eyed men from the South, pale men from offices, bronzed men from the wheat fields, strong and young and blithe. And here they are, with the gray faces, the shuffling gait, and the premature aging of sick men.

There was one man, arm and leg wasted and shrunken, who would walk from his ward to this room. A short distance for a well man, but it would take him about an hour each way. His buddy went with him; but it is hard to walk that slowly, so he would walk ahead a little way and wait; wait day after day, while his companion, touching the wall, inched along — one step — another — another. His buddy was always there, always waiting.

The canteen on Sunday afternoon;

that was a favorite place and time. Here were the men, some in bathrobes, some in the dark pants and red or blue jackets that Uncle Sam provides for ambulatory patients. Here were men in wheel chairs, men shuffling along weakly, men walking briskly again, all happy to be where there was company, their own if they were lucky. Children were admitted here, and it was good to see family groups, fathers beaming at the babies and small children. Here was a patient-looking elderly woman, wheeling her husband to a vacant table. Here were cokes and sandwiches, steaming cups of coffee, and a muted juke box. Here, on my last visit (my own patient was coming home next week) I said goodbye to the man from Rockville.

He had been there for weeks, getting built up for an operation. It had finally been performed; there had been a painful time of it afterward, but today he felt better. He came to our table, grinned, danced a little jig step — a little, thin man, with scant, graying hair — World War I. I shall remember that grin and jig, just as I shall remember them all.

They were brave men who dashed up San Juan Hill in 1898, who fought at Belleau Woods and the Marne in '18, who established beach-heads in Italy, in France, and on Iwo Jima in the 40's, and who struggle through the mountains of Korea now. These uncomplaining men in the Veterans' Hospitals — they are the same. Brave men!

Limerick—THE POEM AND THE TOWN

BY ERIC CROSS

ONE of the mysteries of light literature is the connection of the verse form known as the Limerick with the Irish *town* of Limerick.

It is evident that the naming of the verse form is not derived from some original poem making use of the place name; for, strangely, there is no single rhyme, let alone the necessary two, in the English language for the normal pronunciation of "Limerick."

Langford Reed, the bibliographer of the Limerick, in tribute to the place, has done the best—or the worst—that can be done. It must be admitted, however, that his token tribute has more ingenuity than merit:

All hail to the town of Limerick,
Which provides a cognomen, generic,
For a species of verse,
Which for better or worse,
Is supported by layman and cleric.

Was the Limerick once a form of versifying peculiar to Limerick? Was it developed by a Limerick man? What has *the* Limerick to do with Limerick?

As a basic verse form the Limerick structure is very old. It goes back at least to the time of the Latin poet, Martial. In one guise or other it keeps cropping up in European

literature through the centuries. Corneille made use of it in one of his dramas. Dryden, Herrick, and Congreve all used it. There is at least one song in Gay's *Beggar's Opera* written in this meter. Later, Rossetti and Swinburne amused themselves with it. It is the meter used by Gilbert in the *Sorcerer's Song*:

My name is John Wellington Wells,
I'm a dealer in magic and spells,
In blesses and curses,
And ever-filled purses,
In prophecies, witches and knells.

We gain early familiarity with the Limerick structure in the nursery rhyme:

Hickory, Dickory, Dock,
The mouse ran up the clock.
The clock struck one,
Down the mouse ran,
Hickory, Dickory, Dock.

This is a translation of an earlier French version — *Digere, Digere, Döge*.

The use of this metrical form has not always been profane and light-hearted. One of the most beautiful prayers of the thirteenth century, composed by St. Thomas Aquinas, and still used as a thanksgiving after Mass, is in the meter of the Limerick:

Sit vitiorum meorum evacuatio
 Concupiscentiae et libidinis exter-
 minatio,
 Caritatis et patientiae,
 Humilitas et obedientiae,
 Omniumque virtutem augmentatio.

THE continued uses through the centuries, through different languages, as well as the many varied uses to which this particular verse form has been put, suggest that it must match some deep pulse of human life or activity. It is the easiest of all forms to remember and the simplest to handle. For one man who remembers a sonnet, a thousand can remember a Limerick. For one man who could compose an ode, ten thousand could contrive a Limerick. Its official definition is:

"Five anaepaestic lines, of which lines one, two and five are of three feet and rhyme, and lines three and four are of two feet and rhyme."

Some time late in the eighteenth or early in the nineteenth century the form began to take to itself some of the character which we associate with the Limerick of the present day — place names.

The earliest record of this stage of its evolution occurs in a book called *The Anonymous History of Sixteen Wonderful Old Women*, which was published in 1821:

There was an old woman of Norwich,
 Who lived upon nothing but por-
 ridge,
 Parading the town,
 Made a cloak of her gown,
 This thrifty old woman of Norwich.

This collection, whatever we may think of it by this sample, was sufficiently pleasing to the public taste of the day to stimulate the publication of a sequel in the following year, entitled, *The History of Fifteen Wonderful Old Gentlemen*.

It is to this second book that Edward Lear, who is generally regarded as the originator of the Limerick, attributes the spark which fired his nonsense verse.

"Long years ago," he wrote, in 1847, "in the days when much of my time was spent in a country house, where children and mirth abounded, the lines beginning 'There was an old man of Tobago' were suggested to me by a valued friend, as a form of verse, lending itself to limitless variety for rhyme and pictures." So, it was out of this example, which occurs in the second book, relating to the wonderful old men, that Lear's famous books of nonsense sprang.

The nonsense verses, though metrically Limericks, were not exactly in the form in which we know Limericks today. They were purely nonsense verse — and they were never known as Limericks.

If anyone deserves honor for the development of the next stage of the Limerick — the addition of wit and plot — to the basic form, then it is William Cosmo Monkhouse, who achieved this in his *Nonsense Rhymes*, published in 1902.

The best known of all later Limericks occurs in this book:

There was a young lady of Niger,
Who smiled as she rode on a tiger.
They returned from the ride,
With the lady inside,
And a smile on the face of the tiger.

And also Monkhouse's is the model example of all Limericks, in which there is no repetition of a rhyming word, but there is wit:

There was an old man from Lyme,
Who married three wives at a time.
When asked, "Why a third?"
He replied, "One's absurd —
And bigamy, sir, is a crime."

THE stark skeleton of five anapaestic lines was clothed in motley, in the gay trappings that may be wisdom in disguise. The Limerick grew up out of the nursery and wandered through the clubs and pubs, the universities, the precincts of cathedrals — and the Stock Exchange. The best, and the worst, brains of the day exercised their ingenuity with the five anapaestic lines, making them a playground for word play, punning, mnemonics, criticism, wit and *double entendre*. The exercise spread from place names to surnames; it strayed into the world of notions and ideas. Philosophy was made to dance to the measure. Solemnity was mocked, to the Limerick tune. The Limerick became a medium for sensible nonsense and nonsensical sense. Prelates and presidents tried their skill at Limerick-making. It became one of those strange whimsies, such as diabolos and yo-yo, which periodi-

cally enthrall the public taste. The public taste for Limericks and Limerick-making rapidly grew into one of the first forms of newspaper and periodical competition for cash prizes. Then it was lured into the channel of advertising by an astute British cigarette manufacturer, to advertise his wares. You could win a prize of three pounds a week for life, a furnished house, a trip round the world or the fulfillment of almost any dream by simply completing the last line of a Limerick. And all this was in 1907.

But this is a long way from — not Tipperary, but Limerick. How and why and when did this form of verse get its name?

The Oxford English Dictionary, which is usually a substantial authority on the origin and first recorded use of particular words, nods badly in relation to the word "Limerick." It records the earliest use of "Limerick" as the name of a type of verse, as being in 1898. But, in the following year, Rudyard Kipling, in his book, *Stalky and Co.*, used the phrase "a good catchy Limerick" as though the word were in current, familiar use. That could hardly have happened in the intervening year, apart from the fact that, most probably, Kipling wrote the book at least a year ahead.

Again, in that preserve jar of out-of-the-way knowledge, *Notes and Queries*, someone asked in 1898, "How did the particular verse form get the name Limerick?" That also

suggests that the name was already in familiar use. The only reply to the query is specious. It suggests that the name is derived from the chorus of a once-popular convivial song, which ran:

Won't you come up,
Come all the way up,
Come all the way up to Limerick?

There is nothing more known about the song than this.

IN THE latter half of the eighteenth century, Limerick was the center of a school of Irish poets, prominent amongst whom was Sean O'Toumy. Sean of the Merriment — Sean the Gay — as he was known. Beyond being a poet he was also a publican, and at different times a water bailiff, a butter broker, and in his own terms "a herder of hens." He was, like most of the rest of the members of the school, well versed both in Irish and English, together with both Latin and Greek. Over the entrance to his house, in the days when he was a publican, he had a sign inscribed in Irish, the translation of which runs:

Should any of the stock of the noble
Gael,
A brother bard who is fond of good
cheer,
Be short of the price of a tankard of
ale,
He is welcome to O'Toumy a thou-
sand times here.

Also living in Limerick was another poet, by the name of Andrew McGrath — the Merry Pedlar. He

and O'Toumy had many battles together, with the weapons of wit and verse.

O'Toumy advertised himself on one occasion in the following lines, which are a translation of the Irish he used:

I sell the best brandy and sherry,
To make my good customers merry;
But, at times their finances,
Run short, as it chances
And then I feel very sad, very.

To this, Andrew McGrath replied:

O'Toumy, you boast yourself handy,
At selling good ale and bright brandy,
But the fact is your liquor
Makes everyone sicker,
I tell you that — I, your friend,
And y.

The nonsense verse of Lear, published some years later, was similar in meter to that used by the Limerick poets in their amusing dispute. The two became loosely linked together. Imperceptibly, so that no one can put a date on the actual time, they became confused, muddled, and interchanged. The nonsense verses survived. The Limerick poets — in all except name associated with the nonsense verses — were forgotten and passed out of the public memory. Only the name, without the intervening stages of association, remained. The name "Limerick" took up a parasitic existence on the evolving verse form and prospered in the strength of its host, until today they are indissolubly united.

A Street That IS Paved with Gold and Silver

By Iveagh Hunt Sterry

“THE streets are paved with gold and silver!”

How many thousands of immigrants have come to the United States, eyes shining in anticipation of that glittering sight?

The astounding fact is not their expectation, but that some of them actually realized the dream of walking on an American street that is paved with gold and silver! Maybe this street is the one that started the myth.

What's the name of this mile-long thoroughfare built with such a lavish hand? With such careless contempt for the riches cast underfoot?

Croesus Avenue? El Dorado Esplanade? Guess again. Brilliant deductions won't help. It's just plain “C Street.”

Where? Over a mile high, 6,500 feet up in the Virginia Mountains just east of the Sierra Nevadas, atop that fabulous geological cache of silver and gold, the Comstock Lode, in Virginia City, Nevada.

From the minute prospecting miners learned that “the black stuff” which filled the hillsides, constantly hampering their search for gold, was actually silver which assayed as much as \$4,791 to the ton, everything on

the Comstock was done on a grand scale.

A bustling city with its own stock exchange and gas-lit streets stood where prospectors' tents and dug-outs had been. An International Hotel boasted every luxury offered by New York's famous hostleries. Resplendent crystal chandeliers darted rainbows from their gleaming prisms, in saloons crowded with miners, promoters, Wells Fargo riders and reinsmen. One restaurant amazed travelers with a French cuisine equal to any in Paris.

Exquisite marble statuary was imported from Italy, elaborate Boulle marqueterie commodes and tables from France, massive bedroom sets were carved to order with special designs. Neither the price nor the arduous shipping around Cape Horn and then over the Sierra Nevada range by mule train (that was before the railroad was built) deterred the builders of those Victorian “mansions” on B Street.

Before the Comstockers laid that gold and silver pavement in 1876, bystanders along the wooden, covered sidewalks on C Street developed an animated betting game every

time a mine superintendent's buggy drove up to the Wells Fargo office or the California bank, wheels heavy with mud from the mine dumps. As the soft, crumbly ore slid from the spokes to the dirt street, those bystanders went into action.

"I'll bet it runs eight dollars."

"Looks poor today to me. I'll bet it's six, two bits."

"Fine experts you are! It's eleven if it's a penny!"

Scooping up the droppings, off they went to the assay office to find out who had guessed closest to the value of gold and silver in that mud.

THE fact was, that due to the inadequate milling processes of that day, at least *half* of the values of those rich Comstock ores were lost in the tailings. When you consider that one of the first assays of ore from Six Mile Canyon ran \$4,791 a ton in silver and \$3,196 in gold, and that others ran considerably higher, you realize that those dumps were "a gold mine" in themselves.

The ancient arrastra had been good enough for placer mining but it could not handle the problem of the complex Comstock ores. Even after the invention of the Washoe process, a combination of the arrastra and the Mexican patio process, large quantities of metal were lost in the milling. Years later, after the introduction of the cyanide process, some of the Comstock tailings were reworked three times with it.

Back in the early '70s the editor

of the *Daily Territorial Enterprise* sometimes tried to estimate the value of the pay-dirt that had been scattered along Comstock streets from the wheels of buggies and ore wagons, but he really slung type when the residents decided to pave C Street with quartz rock from the rich refuse on the dumps of the Ophir and Andes mines. The 52-foot-wide street was filled 16 inches deep in the center and four inches at the edges for a distance of more than 5000 feet, almost a mile. The editor figured that a total of at least 16,666 $\frac{2}{3}$ tons of rock from the mine dumps were spread on C Street.

Now a large proportion of that ore was very rich in gold and silver, while some was low grade. No one knew better than that editor that the wildest of extravagant claims wouldn't lift an eyebrow on the Comstock. To shock residents into the value of their main street, he chose the figure of \$8 as the lowest possible value of silver and gold to the ton, in any of the fill used. On that basis he said that the gold and silver in C Street was worth at least \$133,333.33.

Then, almost everybody on the Lode grabbed a pencil and did their own figuring. True, Andes was one of the low producers. Its processed ore averaged only \$16.86, but the old Ophir averaged \$74.28 to the ton. If the tailings equalled these figures, as expert opinion agreed, the silver and gold in C Street was worth over \$666,666.66.

GOD AND CAESAR IN YUGOSLAVIA

By Bogdan Raditsa

SINCE last summer, the Yugoslav press has been rewriting the entire history of Croatia, with particular attention to its relations with Rome. The Communists depict the Catholic faith as, throughout its history, the enemy of the Croatian people. (In this campaign, Communist writers have been joined by old-time hacks who previously served semi-fascist Yugoslav regimes and now discover that Croatia's tragedy has been Catholicism!) In statements, articles and broadcasts, the Vatican is regularly referred to as an "agency of Wall Street" and of "world trusts"; it is blamed for all the foreign and domestic setbacks of the Tito regime. If Yugoslavia doesn't get more money from America, if Yugoslavia doesn't get Trieste — no matter what the trouble, it is called the Vatican's doing.

In recent months this propaganda has been stepped up by more direct forms of persecution. Anti-religious teaching is now compulsory in the schools; crushing taxation has been levied on church properties; theological seminaries and religious faculties have been closed down;

political commissars are instructed to stop the celebration of Holy Mass if the sermons displease them in any way. In many towns and villages, Christmas and Easter processions have been forbidden, as have pilgrimages to religious shrines. If church bells toll "too often," it is considered "sabotage" and priests are hauled before the police and grilled. Anticlerical trials are still a daily feature. Teachers and their families are strictly forbidden to attend church, as are Communist Party members, army officers and soldiers, and civil servants.

Taxation has become unbearable. The Church of Saint Joseph in Zagreb must pay an annual levy of \$1,060 (320,000 dinars) — a surprisingly high figure in an impoverished land where the average salary is less than \$200 a year and high prices of basic commodities keep church contributions pitifully low.

The chairman of the Croatian Communist assembly, Vicko Krstulovic, recently declared that "it was a great mistake" for the Communist Party not to have "killed all the priests and friars" in 1945-1946,

but he added that the party has "means and ways to destroy them now." There are still 200 priests in prisons.

THE major effort by the Communists, however, has been the organization of a government-sponsored "Priests' Association" aimed at forcing all Catholic priests under Red control, as has already been done with the Serb Orthodox Church. By breaking the hierarchical structure of the church, by imposing a government department between Croatian Catholics and the Vatican, Tito hopes to transform Yugoslav Catholicism into an adjunct of the Communist dictatorship.

The church fought back. All its bishops except Aloysian Stepinac, the martyr primate of Yugoslavia who was jailed for "treason" in 1946, then forcibly detained in his home town, met September 23-25 and forbade joining the "Priests' Association." Tito's government denounced this as an illegal move dictated by the Vatican, and called the bishops' act an infringement of the "right of association" which every Yugoslav allegedly enjoys. Additional pressure was put on Catholics by statements from collaborationist members of the Orthodox clergy in which they backed Tito's "Association" in the name of "patriotism."

Matters came to a head with the Vatican's nomination of Stepinac to

the College of Cardinals. The Communists, far from being monolithically confident of their popular strength, were seriously disturbed. They regarded this step as an open threat to their dictatorship and as a major encouragement not only to the suffering archbishop, but to all Yugoslav Catholics. Tito's reaction to the elevation of Stepinac was a brusque severing of diplomatic relations with the Vatican.

In his note denouncing Rome, Tito's foreign minister, Edvard Kardelj, repeated the old Communist canard against Stepinac, who has supposedly been "condemned by a large majority of the Yugoslav population for national treason and moral ritual responsibility for bloody crimes against the Yugoslav population . . . committed by a Quisling government with which he actively collaborated."

The truth is, of course, that Stepinac openly defied both the Nazis and Yugoslavia's native Quislings, the Ustachi, during the war. In fact, Stepinac told the Communist court which in 1946 sentenced him to 16 years in prison: "I was not *persona grata* either with the Germans or with the Ustachis. Much less was I an Ustachi myself. Nor did I take their oath, as was done by some of your officials who today sit in this courtroom. . . ."

Privately, Tito and his chieftains have often admitted that Stepinac was condemned for "reasons of state," in other words, as a calcu-

lated political act. Milovan Djilas, the voluble Communist ideologue, has declared that there are cases in history where innocents must pay with their lives to save the state. The meaning of this remark is plain: the calumny of Stepinac is considered necessary to maintain the Tito dictatorship; the Catholic Church of which he is primate is considered a focal point for libertarian sentiment.

Tito has often said he will gladly permit Stepinac to leave Yugoslavia, so long as he stays out. This alone is sufficient proof of the archbishop's innocence, of the great faith the Yugoslav people have in that innocence, and of Tito's fear of the great moral influence Stepinac wields. But the Croatian prelate has refused to accept exile and insisted on sharing the ordeal of his people. This, too, indicates his clear conscience and the dauntless courage which has made him a national hero.

WHAT are the real reasons behind Tito's renewed war on Catholicism? Foreign Minister Kardelj, in his note to the Vatican, claims that the Holy See "has decided to lead a policy of undermining the internal unity of Yugoslavia and making Yugoslavia's international position difficult." The phrase about "undermining internal unity" is the key to Tito's behavior. If we examine that behavior a little more closely, we will find that not the Vatican but pro-Stalinist elements within Tito's own party have been respon-

sible for Tito's attempt to wipe out Catholicism.

Tito constantly repeats that a "larger part of the Yugoslav people" are demanding Stepinac's life. By this he means the Serb people. The fact is, most Yugoslavs — Serb, Croat, Slovene, Montenegrin, Macedonian, or Moslem — regard Tito's dictatorship as their main enemy and the tendency is, therefore, to sympathize with any and all victims of Communist persecution. "The Serbs" who are asking Stepinac's life are not the Serb people as a whole, but rather the Serbs within Tito's Communist ruling clique.

When Tito's Communists gained so tremendously in strength during and after the war, they gained for two main reasons. They promised the Croats, Slovenes and other minorities a multinational state and an end to centralized Serb domination. And they promised the Serbs intimate ties with the Slav states of the Balkans and especially with Russia, always considered the "big brother" and protector of Serbia. Tito's attempt, with the late Bulgarian leader George Dimitrov, to create a Balkan Slavic federation — an attempt balked by Stalin — was based on this theme of Slav unity, always popular in Serbia.

While the Croats soon found that "national equality" for them meant only the equality to "enjoy" the persecutions of the Belgrade dictatorship, Serbian Communists greeted Tito's break with Moscow with

alarm. Many of them consider Tito's pro-Western policy suicidal, and say openly that a Communist regime cannot survive in Yugoslavia unless it is loyal to Moscow. Tito being a Croat, they view his policies with extreme suspicion. One of the most prominent Serbian members of the Politburo, Dr. Blagoje Neshkovic, was only recently expelled from the Communist Party. And Tito had to disperse the elite military unit, KNOJ, to check pro-Stalinism in his Belgrade entourage. Wooing the Serbian Communists seems absolutely essential to Tito, and his method of wooing them is to persecute Croatian Catholics. This shows him off not only as a pan-Serbian, but as a true atheist Communist still, despite his break with Stalin.

THE result, however, has been to make Yugoslavia's position precarious. Tito, who promised in the war years to heal old racial wounds, has inflicted new and deeper ones. For if a Croatian Catholic is persecuted by a Serbian Communist, he is just as likely to hate Serbs generally as he is to blame the Communist ideologues — especially since Tito has made a puppet of the Serb Orthodox Church and it echoes all his anti-Catholic pronouncements. On the other hand, when Tito blames the Vatican and Stepinac for all his own failures, the Serbs tend to focus their antagonism on Catholic Croatia. Serb-Croat tensions are now at a high point, and there is little doubt

that unless the West intervenes to stop the Communist-fostered fratricidal war, Russia can easily march to the Adriatic whenever she sees fit to do so.

The West must tell Tito:

1. To halt the persecutions of the Catholics and permit them to live according to their own Christian philosophy.

2. To grant Catholicism equality with Serb Orthodoxy and grant full toleration to the Moslems.

3. To cease his bitter propaganda against the Vatican.

4. To permit Cardinal Stepinac to resume his duties as Archbishop of Zagreb.

Unless Tito takes these steps, all the Western aid he receives is going down the drain of civil strife. Tito cannot be a bulwark against Moscow when he is fighting the Catholics, fighting the Moslems, fighting all the social groups opposing total Communization, fighting the Cominformists within the ranks of his own party. The West must tell Tito bluntly that he is not strong enough to fight on all these domestic fronts and still present an effective defense to the Red legions. He must unite the peoples of Yugoslavia around the idea of defense for their national survival, around the idea that a strong and united Yugoslavia is vitally needed by the free peoples — the peoples whom all Yugoslavs most passionately wish to join. For it is plain that Tito's house cannot stand long if he continues to divide it.

I Came to the Country

by A. Taylor Parker

FOR twenty-two years I had lived in industrial Manchester and I expected to be city-bound for the rest of my days. Even at twenty-two, my humdrum English life had become so monotonous that I could conceive of no other method of beginning the day than joining in the mad scramble through the station barrier, and hurling myself onto the tail end of the eight thirty-five.

Then came the war and, in due course, I was press-ganged into the British Army with the rest of my age-group. As we swung on route marches through village after village, or splashed our way through stream and brook, I fell to thinking of the people who lived hereabouts. Not for them the mad scramble for the eight thirty-five! Here was no seemingly useless round of common tasks; here, close to nature, a man might feel, surely, that his life had more significance. No cogs in industrial wheels here; only members of a community.

After the fall of France, we were spirited to Northumberland for coast defense. We erected, I feel sure, some millions of miles of barbed wire, and at night those of us who were not condemned to keep vigil on

the lonely beaches cheered ourselves in the church canteen.

On my first night in this canteen — a wooden hut hastily erected after our arrival — I discovered that odd miscellany of books which one always found in these places; books given by people of all ages and from all walks of life: *The Last Days of Pompeii*; a life of Jane Austen; several "Saint" books; Sydney Horlers, Victorian melodramas; and — what was this? *The Countryman's Year* by David Grayson. I picked it up and opened it at random.

Come now to my hillside and be still.
It is only a little way to understanding if
You will be still, only a little way to peace.

I sat down in the nearest armchair and read the book through, enthralled with every page. That night, I started to think seriously of how I could get to the country, as soon as I was free.

THERE was no one particular part of the country I preferred more than another. Never have I felt that being a Lancashire man I could only live happily with Lancashire people,

for if travel has taught me anything, it is that human nature is the same the world over.

For almost as long as I can remember, I have had the urge to write. And where, I thought, could I write better than in the country — if I could write at all? Yes, I would go to the country and practice my writing whenever I had the opportunity. So, little more than a twelvemonth after receiving my honorable discharge, I came to the Scottish Border country.

It was my Manchester friends, not I, who were assailed with doubts. "You'll never stick it, old man," they chorused. "Think of the *Manchester Guardian*," said one. "You'll never be able to get it until it's about a week old." "Think of the hours you've spent browsing in the Central Library," said another. "And how you're going to miss the Halle orchestra," said my musical friends, together.

I was undaunted. At the time, I was thinking neither of the *Manchester Guardian*, the Central Library, nor the Halle orchestra, but of the eight thirty-five. Fortunately, I knew also that I was not coming to the country to vegetate, as my friends believed. The *Manchester Guardian* is pushed promptly through my letter box at eight o'clock each morning. And to obtain any book of reference I desire, however obscure, I have nothing to do but lift my telephone and speak to the county librarian. The book is brought me by

the postman in, at most, a few days' time. The Halle orchestra, I admit, I did miss — until I bought myself a wireless.

And who would have thought that three years after I came here, Edinburgh, a mere hour and a half away, would have started to hold its own music festival!

I suppose I shall always have a soft spot in my heart for Manchester. Once a year I go back there to renew old friendships. But whether I am groping through its November fogs or sweltering on its summer pavements, I have no wish to return there to live. I feel sure that most of my old friends who have been to stay with me know the reason why.

When they arrive, quite convinced that no good and certainly little pleasure can come of their mad escapade, they have come, ostensibly, to "see old Parker, who decided to become a recluse, somewhere in the wilds of Scotland." But as I tramp them down Teviot and Ale with the Cheviot just visible in the distance, conduct them round the border abbeys, or take them to Abbotsford, they must have a hint of that greater satisfaction which comes from a country life. For, as they wearily mount the stairs on their last night, after a final session of Beethoven or Berlioz, they are apt to turn and say, "I think you've got something here, old man. I'd come to the country myself if I had the opportunity."

Lee Tracy **IN TV ACTION**

BY RUTH A. INGLIS

CRISP punctuation comes from the organ and orchestra. Lee Tracy puts on his hat, steps behind a taut canvas. The camera rolls, and on your TV screen you see him in silhouette, lighting his pipe. "Martin Kane, Private Eye," sings out the announcer.

TV's oldest "private eye" drama is on the air and for the next half hour the studio stage will be busier than a Barnum & Bailey lot when the Big Top is struck. For this is a "live" show. Unlike other TV mystery dramas, it does not reproduce films, which can be made in advance and at leisure. Yet "Martin Kane" doesn't stint on scenery. This means as many as twenty quick changes of actors, props, and cameras in the thirty-minute playing period. Scenes and "shooting" are planned meticulously, of course, but both men and machines sometimes fail. When it's the machinery that misses cue, the actors and engineers must improvise — fast, and preferably with some real ingenuity.

"Martin Kane" is produced on the second-largest TV stage in New York. The sets are arranged around its outer edge. Some are nothing more than a backdrop; others

are three-dimensional and elaborate.

Action shifts quickly among the different scenes, according to the dictates of the story. Both the actors and cameras shuttle back and forth constantly among the sets. Sometimes Lee Tracy and others in the cast have to sprint forty or fifty feet across the stage to get from one scene to another in time for the camera action to continue uninterrupted. And when a change of costume is required, the pace gets even faster.

In a recent show, the scheduled action was so fast that Tracy could not get to the sets on time. So Tracy spoke his lines into a microphone while another actor leafed through the pages of a book on a library set for him. The camera focused only on this other actor's hands and the immediate background. The impression of the TV viewer was that Lee Tracy was in the library.

Four sound cameras are required for a single show. Each, with its cameraman, is mounted on a dolly with wheels and is pushed into position by a second man. Each has a microphone hanging on a long, giraffe-like neck above the actors and out of range of the camera.

ON a live show anything can happen — and sometimes it does. Once the electric sound-effect equipment suddenly developed a short circuit, and a revolver didn't go off on schedule. The potential corpse was momentarily at a loss as to know what to do. With rare presence of mind, he fell over "dead," leaving the TV viewer to assume that the gun was equipped with a silencer.

Another time the camera stayed too long on an actress playing dead, and the audience was treated to a view of a corpse who simply had to swallow.

Television makes restricting demands on actors. Not only must they portray the role, but they are confined to a limited amount of space. If they lose themselves in the part and step out of focus, the desired effect is lost on the viewer at home.

Each actor must try to reproduce his performance on the final show exactly as he did it in the rehearsals, otherwise the cameramen will have to extemporize and the result may be sloppy. If an actor fluffs his lines or introduces a variation in gestures, both the other actors in the scene and the camera crew must compensate. No teleprompter is used — human or mechanical. But this is what makes the live show more exciting and vivid than the one which is filmed ahead of time.

Behind the smooth, fast action of the half-hour story are days and hours of work on the part of as many as two hundred people, including

network, sponsor, and advertising agency personnel. Aside from office workers and executives, these include the cast, camera, sound, lighting and other technical engineering crews; the make-up and wardrobe staffs, set designers, property men, musicians and musical director; stage hands, maintenance crews of painters and carpenters; writers, scriptman, the producer-director and his assistants.

During the broadcast, the show is kinescoped for distribution overseas to United States military personnel through the Armed Forces Radio and Television Service, and this requires an additional film crew.

Including the cost of time on some sixty TV stations throughout the country, it takes from thirty-five to forty thousand dollars a week to produce "Martin Kane, Private Eye." This is about average for this type of half-hour mystery show. It means that the United States Tobacco Company spends approximately two million dollars a year on the Martin Kane show to advertise Sano and Encore cigarettes, Old Briar, Model, and Dill's Best pipe tobaccos.

INTENSIVE work by the cast and technical crews for the Thursday night show begins on Monday. Rehearsals in a hotel ballroom using tables and chairs as make-believe sets continue through Tuesday and Wednesday. During this time, changes in script are worked out

with the members of the cast and the author and producer-director. By Wednesday night the lines are frozen; and Lee Tracy and the others have them memorized.

After the last TV show Wednesday night, the big studio is cleared and the Martin Kane sets are moved in. All sets and props are ready by eleven o'clock Thursday morning when on-stage rehearsals begin in earnest. Over and over again each scene is repeated. The exact position and scope of movement of each actor is carefully synchronized with equally exact locations and focusing of the cameras.

Timing is all-important and not only the commercial and the show as a whole must come out to the exact second, but every scene is timed precisely. Sometimes a whole brief scene may be shifted out and back into the show depending on timing. Changes of this sort go on up until the final rehearsal. As actors become more and more familiar with their lines they may unconsciously change the timing. On the air, the star, Lee Tracy, takes most of the responsibility for controlling timing. At the end of each scene the director tells him by signals whether the show so far is too long or too short or "on the nose," and Tracy adjusts his pacing of the show accordingly, as expertly as Eddie Arcaro paces his mount on the long back-stretch of the Belmont race track. A veteran actor, this is second nature to Tracy. In addition, his role as Martin Kane

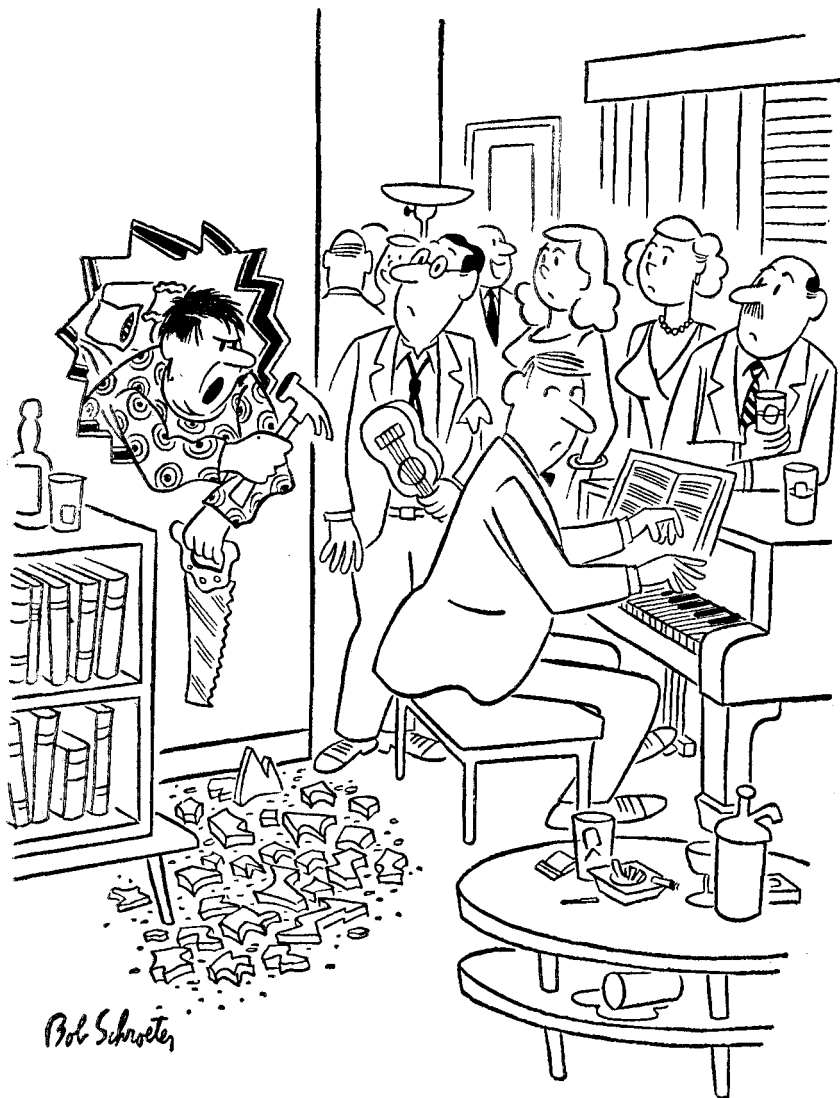
permits variation in pacing more naturally than the roles of his supporting cast.

LEE TRACY plays Martin Kane with a flair, making him a character of action, strength, subtlety, and the fascination of a man who gets around. The feeling of danger always lurking in the background is heightened by the clever music of Charles Paul, famed composer, conductor, and organist for both radio and television.

Critics of TV often condemn murder-mystery shows. But last fall a "Martin Kane" rebroadcast about 'teen-age dope addicts was featured in a huge rally in Brooklyn against juvenile delinquency.

A star of more than fifty motion pictures and many Broadway successes, Lee Tracy's most famous stage role was the dynamic reporter in "The Front Page." There he developed the telling hand gestures that add so much to the portrayal of "Martin Kane, Private Eye" on TV coast to coast and overseas.

Fifteen minutes after the end of the telecast, the properties are tagged and on their way to the storerooms or rental agencies, and the sets are almost cleared from the stage — the permanent ones like the famous cigar store and Martin Kane's office to storage until next Thursday, the temporary ones to be broken down or remodeled for other shows. The stage must be cleared for tomorrow's show.



"Don't you people ever sleep?"

AMERICAN WOMEN

VS.

The Next Kinsey Report

By VIRGINIA ROLLER BATDORFF

THE second report by Dr. Alfred C. Kinsey, a scientific and laboriously prepared account of the sexual life of the human female, is due to be published this month.

Needless to say, the presented facts, like those included in its five-year-old predecessor, *Sexual Behavior in the Human Male*, will cause quite a stir.

If this forthcoming report by Kinsey and associates is as avidly and widely read as was its companion piece, we may be forcibly jolted out of our eighteenth century pattern of thinking on the subject of woman.

And, just as forcibly and even more happily, the standard popular

advice articles and columns for American women, featuring the high morality of women and the low-down cussedness of men, may be exposed for the real propaganda they are.

The general theme of the welter of how-to-do-it advice, the kind of counseling the average American woman has been raised on and upon which she has had to depend to guide her love relationships, has been twofold: first, talk sweet and smell sweet to attract and keep your man; second, lead him to think you are an unsuspecting personality who can't steer her life, carry her coat or open a tin can and therefore is in the most constant need for male pro-

tection, in every way imaginable.

But as we read further into the advice we may be aghast to find that woman, angelic as she seems to be, appears to have one annoying trait. She constantly projects a schizophrenic Jekyll-Hyde personality upon man. Though man seems to be worth talking and smelling sweet for, he, paradoxically, really is not worth very much.

Man, the advice can only lead us to conclude, has no intelligence to speak of, not to mention a great lack of all-around moral responsibility.

"Men are just little boys," the writer-advisors (and there must be hundreds of them) repeat over and over to their women readers. "Because of their immaturity they can absorb only subtlety and this only in the form of suggestive stimuli from their women."

THE younger girl is cautioned that she must never ask her boy friend a straight and intelligent question. Better yet, she should never know the answer to an intelligent question, in order not to affront his manhood.

For the married woman there is a preponderance of "happy hubby" articles most brightly and convincingly written. These articles expound a juicier subject. And like murder, the utmost possible drama is wrung from it.

This subject is marital infidelity, an offense of which the writers are

loathe to admit that women may be capable.

"And if," the writers ask, "he strays a little? Well, that's not so important, my dears. You, of course, know how men are," they seem to shrug.

This kind of advice quite obviously places the responsibility for the continuance of the American courting and marriage relationships entirely upon what is implied as woman's greater patience, understanding, and purity.

The average woman upon following this advice thus sees herself not as one person in a relationship with another, but only as a shrewd manipulator of an intellectually gawky boy whose natural inadequacies prevent him from successfully maneuvering his own personal life.

She becomes a sort of inverted master of all she surveys, making the most of what is generally considered her natural virtue of being a good woman in the throes of subduing the savage male.

Actually, until recently, woman could not be blamed as a practitioner of this form of martyrdom. Until only a generation ago society and man had given her nothing much to be proud of but guarding her honor and being patient with the historically selfish male.

Woman, ignorant of the real history of her background, attributed the resulting double standard to just another manifestation of what

she considered nature's gifts to the privileged male and another of nature's unerring slaps at what she also considered her natural inferiority of being a woman.

As a result of our American standards of purity for women, dating back to the Victorian era, American women have generally sealed their lips against speaking out for even a satisfactory sex life in marriage, because of possible public censure.

There has been much speculation during the past few years as to whether they would even open up enough to talk with Dr. Kinsey and his associates.

Articles have appeared in the popular-type women's magazines stating that the well-known seeker of scientific sexual statistics is going to have trouble finding any because "nice" women are loathe to discuss the subject with anyone. The sex life of the "nice" woman, it is implied, is all bound up with the spiritual and mental — contrary to man, whose chief interest in sex is a rather nasty physical one.

Paradoxically, articles in this same type of magazine have stated that the startling facts about the sex life of women which the report may show "just ain't so." Nice women won't talk about the subject and so Kinsey must, by necessity, resort to low-type women for his figures.

It seems that the women are already breaking ground for a counter

assault on Dr. Kinsey. But why are they beginning to build up a defense for an attack that has not as yet been launched?

It is possible that woman's fear of social censure is only the apparent reason. It is possible that many a woman unconsciously sees a positive way of vindicating herself for man's past treatment. Perhaps if she can eventually obtain equal rights with man and at the same time retain the good opinion of a society that still feels she needs man's protection, she would be shrewd, if not smart, in making the most of a good situation while it lasts.



ACTUALLY there is nothing startlingly new in Dr. Kinsey's efforts to dip into the sexual life of women. It is the thorough method he is employing and the tremendous scope he is covering which make his project so revolutionary.

During the past twenty-five years, scientists have unearthed many illuminating facts concerning women. They have come up with a consensus which has been shocking to many whose thinking about women still dates back to Grandmother's day.

A summary of these facts can safely bring us to this conclusion: women react to sex in just about the same way as men, with only slight psychological differences. When they do not, it is because of their puri-

tanical training, which insists they repress sex instincts rather than encourage a natural sexuality.

This fact has not been generally publicized. But the conclusion cannot help but be obvious to the small part of the public which has taken some time to observe the various manifestations of woman's increasing freedom in society, business and the professions.

So to the majority, this knowledge is likely to come as a bolt from the blue. And when the next Kinsey report is published a great howl will again be raised by the general public about the "immorality" of the Kinsey reports. But a much greater howl will be heard as a result of the second report than was heard upon the publication of the first.

Religious groups and civic organizations will rise as one, reproclaiming — despite the probable evidence at hand — the sexual purity of American womanhood. And their theme will be, "Our men, well, maybe; but our women? Never!"

Although Dr. Kinsey's coming report on the sexual life of women may pretty generally be judged by popular opinion as immoral and therefore improbable, it may compensate by eventually bringing to light scientific data on a subject which has up until now been almost totally obscured by the shadow of public opinion.

It may eventually bring into the open that a great deal of our present day "man's inhumanity to

woman" is a myth — a myth which men and women themselves have created to gain their own ends and not because of what is generally considered as man's innate sexual insensibilities and woman's natural sexual sensitivities, but by their complete ignorance of their true selves and their true sexual potentialities.

THE next Kinsey report may yet be the instrument which will bring a completely new viewpoint and a new sense of mutual responsibility to man and woman, the forerunner of a more balanced and respectful relationship between them. And both sexes, we hope, will learn the lesson that the often misquoted Freud tried so hard to preach: that sexual freedom is not synonymous with sexual promiscuity, for it can only be achieved by self-knowledge.

If men and women can learn this lesson, and learn it well, woman may cease trying to punish man by mothering him. Instead she will strive to become a full and complementary partner to him.

Man, as a result, may look at woman with new eyes, seeing her not as an instrument to tame him but as one who can help him to complete himself, not only sexually, but mentally and emotionally.

For it is only when woman ceases to hide behind her own skirts, and man quits helping her, that either of them can reach their full spiritual stature.

fantastic ANIMAL COMBATS

by Vance Hoyt

I HAVE never forgotten witnessing, when a boy, a winged "dog-fight" between a prairie falcon and a red-tailed hawk. The hawk was peacefully going its way when the falcon came down at it in a power-dive of great speed and whining pinions. But just before the falcon reached the hawk, the latter suddenly turned over on its back, with formidable talons extended upward with which to grasp the attacker. In the nick of time, however, the falcon checked itself.

Several times the attack was repeated and thus repulsed. Finally the falcon peeled off in baffled defeat and the hawk soared on in peace.

This incident taught me one of the most fundamental and simplest laws of Nature: "Let me alone and I'll let you alone." From the ant to the lion, wild animals have, for ages untold, found it more profitable to live in peace than to rue the day of carrying a chip on one's shoulder. Rarely do they resort to physical strife except in the acquisition of food.

Even then their combats are hardly more than contests of physical strength. More often they rely upon their wits, craft and chicanery. Nor is size too important a factor in

animal encounters. In fact, the smaller creatures seem to possess the largest and most unique bag of tricks.

I recently witnessed a David and Goliath test of strength between a red ant and a scorpion. The scorpion had ventured too near the ant's nest. But I didn't see how David could do much about it. The ant, however, was decidedly the aggressor. He kept running around the sidling scorpion, seeking an opening to come to grips.

As the conflict progressed, I began to realize that the contestants weren't so unevenly matched as I had first thought. Goliath seemed to be having considerable trouble in catching little David in his big nippers so he could apply the lethal stinger on the end of the tail poised over his head.

Presently the ant saw his opportunity, ran in under the grasping, crab-like nippers, and sank his fangs into the face of the scorpion. There he hung on, with his struggling enemy moving around in circles, quite helpless to reach the small red warrior with either of his weapons. Finally little David let go, and big Goliath lost no time in backing off in hasty retreat.

Two of the strangest modes of combat are those of the giraffe and a certain African ape. The giraffe not only uses its forefeet to strike with but also its knobbed head, like a wielded bludgeon. By swinging its head around on its long neck the giraffe can deliver terrific blows with sufficient force to knock out a lion, if it strikes in a vulnerable spot.

The Soko ape, if not so spectacular, has a more elusive yet none the less effective means of disarming a foe. He does not attempt to destroy an enemy but maims him in such a manner as to render him harmless. He does this by holding his tormentor down and biting off his fingers or forepaws. Bull apes have been known to do this to natives who molested them.

A fellow naturalist tells me how he once witnessed a chaparral cock challenge a rattlesnake. This large bird, which can use its wings only for gliding, is very nimble with its feet and can run as fast as a horse. Hopping around the serpent, the roadrunner teased the snake into striking by sparring with the tip of an extended wing. As the attack continued and the rattler began to weaken, the roadrunner now and then leaped in and pecked the snake on the head. This went on for some time, until the sidewinder ceased striking and started to crawl away. Quickly the bird caught the rattler in its long bill, and shaking it vigorously, beat it upon the ground until

dead. Then uttering a joyous *burr-up*, it ran off with the snake in its beak.

In contests for a range, we find many bizarre conflicts in the wild world. If two male desert chuckawallas (our largest North American lizard) should vie for the same feeding grounds, an amusing battle of *thumps* will follow. I have witnessed this lively contest on several occasions. Both lizards rise to their full height, swell their bodies to an enormous size, and with tails lashing from side to side, begin to walk around each other, seeking an opening like a couple of prizefighters.

SUDDENLY one strikes the other a lightning blow with its large and powerful tail, and the fight is on. Wielding their tails with surprising speed and force, the blows follow fast and furiously, striking their inflated bodies with audible *thumps* that sound like the beating of drums. This continues for a moment or so, when they come to grips and exchange a few nips on the neck and head. Then another round of tail-slugging, *thump, thumpety, thump, thump*, followed by more close-in nipping, until one of the two makes a hasty retreat.

Bighorn mountain sheep have a similar contest of physical endurance. Some years ago, while a friend and I were climbing Mt. San Jacinto in California, we were startled by a booming sound echoing through the canyon. On investigating we came upon a strange sight. In

a boulder-strewn clearing we saw an old ram standing with horns lowered, facing a large boulder. He was shaking his head and appeared to be in a high dudgeon.

Suddenly he lunged forward and crashed head-on into the boulder. The impact of his large, curved horns as they struck the rock filled the canyon with the booming echoes we had heard down the gorge. Then shaking his head for a moment, the big ram relaxed and lay down.

But in a moment he leaped to his feet, shaking his head angrily, and again butted his great horns against a rock. Thus resting between charges and jumping up to butt another boulder, he worked himself into a fine fettle; probably on the theory that when he met a rival he'd be battle-hardened and quite immune to any further punishment.

Sooner than we had expected, our theory was put to the test. The old fellow suddenly stopped with his game of "playing thunder" and stood conning the breeze coming down the gorge. Then, with an angry shake of his head, he went bounding up the canyon wall. We followed as best we could; but before we reached the rim above we could hear the clashing of horns.

When we topped out, gasping for breath, the battle was nearly over. The big ram was butting his rival unmercifully. Twice the two backed away and charged head-on, their horns colliding with terrific impact. The third charge, however, set the

rival back on his haunches and the victor bore in with a wicked hook in the ribs. This ended the contest. The thoroughly battered rival struggled to his feet and staggered off to nurse a headache he probably wouldn't soon forget.

SOME animals hold contests very like human feats of strength. When two fiddler crabs meet on the same range, each extends his big claw and grasps the tip of the other's, like "collar and elbow" wrestlers taking hold. Then each tries to break his opponent's arm-claw by a sudden twist. Nor do they cease with their contest until the arm of one is torn from its body with a tearing sound. The loser then crawls away to grow another claw.

Male rattlesnakes also vie with one another in combat. By mutual accord the two contestants approach each other with their heads raised high in the air; then moving up close together, each maneuvers and tries to force down the head of the other with its own. The one who succeeds in bearing the head of his rival to the ground is the winner.

The desert tortoise contest, however, is one of a more rugged and spectacular nature. On meeting, the two rivals begin nodding their heads as if they were saying: "How do you do — how do you do?" When they come near, if they are friends, they touch each other with their sensitive noses. But if they are rivals for mate or range, they begin to hiss their dis-

taste and back off, ready for combat.

For a moment they pause, blowing with anger. Then suddenly they rush at each other, the tips of their turned-up breast plates colliding like the prows of tugboats. Again and again they crash together until one of them is tumbled over on his back and left with feet kicking in the air.

Not infrequently I have come upon *Eurypelma*, the great, black, hairy, eight-legged and strong-fanged tarantula, prowling a dusty trail at sundown. On one occasion I had the thrilling experience of observing the ages-old classic vendetta between this nightmare and *Pepsis*, the mighty ground-wasp Amazon, equipped with a dull blue mail and a wing span of over three inches. This queen of the winged dive-bombers is one and one-half inches in length and armed at the stern with a paralyzing stinger.

As she swooped down, the spider lunged up and forward with a half-leap, half-forward fall, and came within a hair-width of striking the wasp with its reaching fangs. But *Pepsis* miraculously escaped the lethal lunge. Then again and again she dove down at the dancing champion, reaching with its deadly weapons.

By now the tarantula was nearly exhausted; but the wasp kept hovering over it, waiting. Then, suddenly, it descended, and struck like the snap of an electric spark. With a spasm of convulsions the black killer

folded its legs and sank down on the earth, where it remained in a condition of total paralysis. The next moment, *Pepsis* landed and proceeded to drag her helpless victim into its own burrow. Then laying her egg in or on the great hair body, she closed the burrow and flew away in search of another spider-host for her grub to hatch and thrive upon.

But of all the fantastic animal combats, that of the frilled lizard of northern Australia is probably one of the most startling and grotesque. Like a villain in a play, this big lizard, which grows to three feet in length, is renowned for its Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde dramatic transformation. When in a passive mood its large cape, decorated in gray, yellow and blue, is folded back over each shoulder, à la Dr. Jekyll. But in a flash of anger, its color changes and the cape springs forward, expanding into an enormous collar with sharply serrated edges, which continues under the chin and divides over the head. Under this umbrella-like concavity a terrible visage protrudes, with gaping jaws, exposing a saffron-yellow mouth and formidable, prominent fangs as the monster crouches in a veritable Mr. Hyde stance, hissing horribly.

If this fiendish display is not enough to terrify an enemy, the monster will not hesitate to do battle with its large fangs and lashing saw-toothed tail. Small wonder this lizard is considered poisonous and called "man-eater" by the natives.

THE MAN WITH THREE HEADS

by JUDITH CORTADA

How would *you* like to start out every day with the feeling that a mere slip of the tongue on your part might bring the world closer to the atomic horrors of a third world war?

This, reduced to its simplest terms, is the responsibility that daily confronts George Sherry in his job as an interpreter at the United Nations. Sherry translates both Russian and French into English, but he can thank Andrei Vishinsky for the fame he has achieved as an interpreter. The irascible Vishinsky, former Soviet Foreign Minister and now permanent Soviet representative at the UN, invariably makes news when he speaks, and it is Sherry who translates his bristling oratory for the benefit of the entire English-speaking world.

Sherry is 29 years old, and rather young to be saddled with the thought that a mistake in his choice of words might loosen still another screw in the shaky structure of world peace. He is a slightly-built young man with a thoughtful air, nicely balanced by a sense of humor; and he is inclined to deprecate the role he plays in the battle of words and wits that is fought every day at the UN.

When Vishinsky, his white hair emphasizing the angry flush on his cheeks, denounces the Western powers — now pounding the table, now gazing around him with scorn — the Russian words resound throughout the chamber. So far as English-speaking delegates, newspaper reporters and visitors are concerned, however, it is Sherry who really “delivers” the speech, translating it as it comes from the Soviet representative’s lips. The telecommunications system at the UN carries Vishinsky’s words to Sherry, seated in an enclosed booth overlooking the hall, and carries Sherry’s translation to the earphones of the listeners.

VISHINSKY probably represents the tallest hurdle that Sherry has to clear in his work at the UN. Aside from his position as representative of one of the five great powers, and his fondness for two- and three-hour discourses, he is a cultured man with a colorful vocabulary. His speeches, delivered at a top speed of 250 words a minute, are interlarded with references to history and mythology and with literary quotations.

On one occasion, he told a UN meeting that the British and Amer-

icans were conscience-stricken because of the "murders" they committed in the Greek civil war. When he then illustrated his point with a quotation from *Macbeth*, numerous eyebrows were raised in surprise.

"No; this my hand will rather the multitudinous seas incarnadine, making the green one red," said the voice of the interpreter.

"Vishinsky quoting Shakespeare!" said the eyebrows, and several reporters, interested in finding out whether the Soviet representative was as well acquainted with English as with Russian literature, were waiting for Sherry when the meeting ended.

Hiding his well-earned satisfaction behind an air of nonchalance, Sherry explained that Vishinsky had used a line from a play by Pushkin, the famous Russian author: "And bleeding children loom before my eyes."

"But that quotation would have been meaningless to most of the English-speaking delegates who are not familiar with Russian literature," Sherry said. "I would have had to outline the plot of Pushkin's play. So I decided to use a line from *Macbeth* where a character's conscience is disturbed by murder. That was the point Vishinsky wanted to make. And I don't have to explain Shakespeare to Englishmen and Americans."

As the reporters went their way, one of them muttered to another, "You'd think the guy had three

heads — one for listening, one for talking, and one for thinking."

Some visitors to the UN meetings who listen to the simultaneous translation of a foreign delegate's speech cannot swallow the fact that it is a human being who is doing the job. Only a personal acquaintance in the visitors' gallery is likely to single out Sherry, equipped with earphones and seated behind a microphone, his intense concentration obvious in his posture. At the same time, French, Spanish, and Chinese interpreters are translating the speech, and those present may listen to any one of the translations merely by shifting the dial on the small black box attached to each seat.

LIKE all expert interpreters, Sherry does an additional job of editing as he gallops along behind the speaker. He corrects quotations and grammatical errors, and if a speaker is so absorbed or excited that he leaves his sentence hanging in mid-air, Sherry will obligingly finish it for him.

Occasionally, Sherry might be forced, under the constant and inexorable pressure of time, to skip an unimportant word or phrase; but there is no skipping, no editing, when a speaker touches on a crucial point.

Speaking at a meeting of the Disarmament Commission, Jacob Malik, the Soviet delegate, said he wished to ask the "following fundamental question — Do the supple-

mentary three-power proposals envisage the adoption of concrete decisions on the reduction of armed forces and armaments simultaneously with a decision on the prohibition of the atomic weapon and of all other weapons of mass destruction, and the institution of controls over that prohibition?"

In translating this long and wordy question, in which the word "simultaneously" was most important, Sherry made not a single change in word or phrase, and he would have sacrificed the following sentence if necessary, in order to give a better translation of the one that touched directly on a controversial issue.

Only mathematicians can converse without danger of misunderstanding one another. Two and two make four in any language, but ideas have no such rigid limitations.

There was much tittering among the visitors at a UN meeting when a Russian delegate said that he "loved" Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt deeply. The English word implies a much stronger emotion than the Russian word, which means to like, or respect.

Another Russian delegate once unwittingly gave an excellent illustration of the difficulties involved in translating from one language to another. Condemning the United States for its "barbarous" treatment of labor, he charged that striking workers are massacred by the Government. In proof, he held up a newspaper with a headline about a

Government recommendation that strikers who refused to return to their jobs be "fired." Most dictionaries define the verb as meaning "set on fire," and the Russian was therefore unfamiliar with the slang definition, "to discharge from a job."

The insults that occasionally sear the air at UN meetings are translated with scrupulous care. Sherry had no difficulty with the one that Vishinsky recently let fly. When an angry Russian wishes to imply that his opponent (in this case, Sir Percy Spender, the Australian delegate) is an uneducated lout, he uses approximately the same words, "country bumpkin," as an English-speaking person does.

During the first week of meetings of the General Assembly, the Disarmament Commission and the Political Committee, interpreters sometimes receive the texts of the prepared speeches a few minutes before the meetings. After this first round of general statements, which are followed by debate, they usually do not have the benefit of a text. The delegates wish to remain free to change their speeches, and there is also the fear that the impact of a speech will be weakened if the interpreter is thoroughly familiar with the contents.

ON one occasion, an English delegate was thoughtful enough to tell the foreign-language interpreters that he was going to use a certain

quotation from *Richard II* in the course of his speech. When the delegate finally spoke to the assembled representatives of sixty nations, faultless versions of the lines that Shakespeare wrote some four centuries ago were rendered in French, Spanish, Russian, and Chinese. The great poet would undoubtedly have listened with a smile of satisfaction, for no better proof has ever been offered that through the ages he speaks for the English people to the peoples of all the world.

Speeches at meetings of the Security Council and the Disarmament Commission are not only interpreted simultaneously into the five official languages, but also consecutively into French and English, the two "working" languages of the UN. (Verbatim records and all official documents are printed in these two languages.) At the conclusion of a speech — in Russian, for example — one interpreter repeats it in English, and another in French.

Sherry's background is typical of that of many UN interpreters in that it presents a picture of a cultured, wealthy family, torn from its original habitat, resting for a time in another part of the Old World, and finally settling down in this country. He was born in Poland and his family moved to Rumania when he was about two years old. His mother, who was born in Poland and educated in England and Switz-

erland, spoke to him only in French or English. His father, an engineer of Russian birth, spoke with his son only in his own native language. Young George's German nurse contributed another tongue and he learned Rumanian from his playmates.

Three to five hours is the average daily shift, and Sherry's "talk" at one meeting covers about twenty-five pages. During sessions of the General Assembly, interpreters might cover as many as two or three meetings daily on occasion, and the consensus of opinion among them is that this is far too much; one meeting alone, they contend, imposes a heavy strain. They receive an annual tax-free salary ranging from \$6,000 to \$10,000.

Some UN interpreters may feel frustrated when they seem merely to be repeating other men's words. But not George Sherry.

"As I see it, the UN was designed to bridge the various differences that exist among the peoples of all the world," he says. "One of the differences is that of language, not only in words, but in thoughts and ideas. Our job is to eliminate that difference, make it unimportant. Once that has been done, we sit back and pray that the fellows on the floor will pick up the ball and cross the other bridges."

Momentarily forsaking words, Sherry grins and resorts to sign language, crossing his fingers in a gesture that needs no interpretation.

SOUND ON DISC

FOR many years, Monteverdi was heard rarely — except for an occasional madrigal or aria. His music was like a great submerged cathedral, engulfed in seas of sound from the brasher composers. Yet music as we know it in our time came to being in full maturity under the impact of his overwhelming genius. To the limpid purity of the older music, Monteverdi added both formal and spiritual dimension — the human utterance, echoing with tragedy and passion and solitude, and set in counter-voice to instruments which had once been not very much more than accompaniment.

Monteverdi is in vogue nowadays. The long-playing record liberated his liturgical music, his madrigals, and his operas. Critics began to discover that he was “modern” and listeners that he was listenable — and record companies that he was “commercial.” Vox, for example, has issued in a two-record LP set the *Vespro della Beata Vergine* in which the Swabian Choral Singers and the

Stuttgart Bach Orchestra combine with conductor Hans Grischkat to produce a notable musical offering (PL 7902). Along with a Period recording of settings to two Psalms, *Beatus Vir* and *Laudate Dominum*, and a song of praise, *Ut Quaeant* (SPLP 536), sung by the Choral Ensemble and Chamber Orchestra of the Scuola Veneziana, this gives you a panoramic view of Monteverdi’s liturgical writing at its deepest and richest — the kind of personal religious expression, still set in the context of the ritual, which died with Haydn and will never return again. Both the Vox and the Period discs are excellent as to performance and recording balance.

A genius of another type was Mussorgsky. A man of disorganized inspiration, he finished few of his grandiose projects, leaving his incomplete scores for later “editing” and rewriting by Rimsky-Korsakov. MGM has issued a Mussorgsky Orchestral Program (E 3030) which bypasses the often-played excerpts from *Boris Goudonoff* and *Pictures at*

an Exhibition. Played with adequate verve by Walter Susskind and the Philharmonica Orchestra of London, it introduces to records for the first time such works as *Intermezzo in B Minor* and the *Turkish March* — the former Mussorgsky without the interfering hands of Rimsky. *A Night on Bald Mountain* and a suite from *Khovantschina* complete an album which should be very satisfying fare to the musical Slavophiles.

TO these rather tired ears, the music of Heitor Villa-Lobos is too astringently contrived to give more than momentary pleasure at its cleverness and its interesting sonorities. But there is more substance to a cycle of sixteen piano pieces, based directly on Brazilian folk songs, which Villa-Lobos has written and then taught Joseph Battista to play. Battista, a young American pianist with dollops of technique and a surprising amount of artistry, has a picnic with *Cirandas* (£ 3020). Surprisingly enough, the very Brazilian folk tunes seem almost to harken back to the Negro spiritual with its overtones of the English hymn — and Villa-Lobos has refrained from recasting their gentle melodies in modern tonality.

The vast works of Hector Berlioz, conceived for even vaster aggregations of instruments and voices, have also profited by the adventuring in forgotten music which began with LP recording. Vox issued the haunting *Enfance du Christ* and Co-

lumbia, the massive and thundering *Requiem*. Now Columbia has done it again with Berlioz's *La Damnation de Faust* — eight LP sides of music which can make up an entire evening's listening (SL 1110). Jean Fournet, conducting the Emile Passani Chorus and Orchestra, leads a group of first class soloists through the intricate and somber pages of the *Faust* score. Berlioz was a maverick among musicians, and in many respects his music leaps away from the precision of the French tradition. But he was imbued with the Nineteenth Century's romantic despair, which he expressed in crashing orchestral masses and sudden, delicately-phrased whispers of doom. In *Faust*, he runs this gamut with seething eloquence. This is unforgettable music.

Slipping into the Gallic of the *boites*, whose small-time creativeness produced Edith Piaf, Maurice Chevalier, and a host of others, Vox sat Georges Feyer at the piano to rip out a collection of such French popular standbys as *J'attendrai*, *Feuilles Mortes*, *La Vie en Rose*, *C'est Si Bon* (and it is), etc., plus a few older and less piquant items (vx 500). Feyer's playing is quite a few cuts above the cocktail lounge variety; he is a good musician and therefore not so much given to the gratuitous arpeggio. The record makes good background music for any number of activities, including the less strenuous forms of seduction.

R. DE T.

Eclipse of the Family Porch

by Geoffrey L. Pratt

AN epidemic, many years a-building, is now rife through the length and breadth of this lovely land, and senior citizens in every walk of life view the malady with sorrow and apprehension. The family porch is disappearing from the American home, with nothing like an honest substitute evident in the strange new housing that burgeons everywhere.

For upwards of thirty years, an architectural conspiracy to truncate a time-honored mode of life has gained increasing momentum. Today, the designers of modern houses will not hesitate for a moment when you meekly suggest that you would like a veranda. "Automobiles put a stop to those relics," you'll be told. "Now this utility space . . . and this planting area, handy to your outside fireplace . . . and a breeze-way, of course . . ." Should you insist, nostalgically, that home somehow seems a bit unfinished without a broad porch, the good architect will pocket his pencil, be plain rude, and send you packing.

It is true that the advent of the

automobile began to threaten the family porch long ago. Right after World War I the hammock and porch swing were abandoned in favor of the Model T. The internal combustion engine, and five or six very hard tires, made new and exhilarating horizons available. Pop and Mom picked up the box of peanut brittle where it lay on the veranda rail, and they were off in the family Ford. Uncle Oswald and his intended also renounced the family porch, with its love seat and its swing. Four or six noisily-firing cylinders provided a background music for their sweet nothings. But the chief reason why lovebirds abandoned the veranda in favor of the flivver was the opportunity to get the hell away from everyone.

Yet there are still those among us who insist that no new-fangled architectural gimmicks can compare with the old-time porches. From the utilitarian point of view, the roomy old veranda's advantages still loom very large. Automobiles aside, who ever heard of Young Love util-

izing a drafty breezeway for any purpose — except, possibly, parking its galoshes? And even here, the lady of the house will on no account permit anyone to pile stuff out of the rain in the breezeway, even for two minutes; whereas the old family porch was a commodious catch-all a man could always count on.

WELL-TRAINED husbands of the flying saucer era are, *de facto*, saddled with one hundred per cent of the outside housekeeping. Whether they do the job in a housewifely manner or not, the assignment is definitely theirs. What does it entail? In urban and rustic garden spots, the ransom of many kings is now wrapped up in the tubular chrome and aluminum designed for the nation's relaxation. The rains descend, and all this spectrum-hued gear is rendered unfit to loll in until some hours after the deluge.

Commonest solution of the rain difficulty is that a porchless host and his male guests are galvanized into action. They rush all their outdoor goods and chattels into the garage every-which-way and then retire, breathless, into the stuffy house.

Your Uncle Oswald would have bestirred his plus-fours a bit under the same circumstances. He would have had the whole mess of deck chairs up on the cool and dry veranda in no time. With the foot rests hooked on again, his visitors would sit, feet up, and watch it rain, while

good old Auntie went in to get coffee and crullers.

Sceptics who will concede nothing favorable to verandas, even while noting the plight of wet and wilted garden chromium and canvas, are asked to emerge from their rumpus rooms and take a short walk — in any direction at all. Even granted sunny skies, balmy breezes, and some faint hope of assistance from a muscular milkman, fourteen million American mothers bite hard on little silken curses several times a day — *every day* — as they wrestle their baby carriages across their thresholds. The pro-porch school should gain a convert every time this weighty and awkward four-wheeled fact is realized.

A plague on all breezeways! A pox on planting areas, the vaunted barbecue pit and cretinous car-port!

Give us back instead *some* sort of porch. It is only on a porch, for instance, that one can feel oneself a part of a downpour, without of course getting out and getting drenched. From a languidly recumbent position under the porch roof, a summer rain can be seen, heard, smelled, with a suggestion of moisture — like atomized perfume — wafted occasionally across one's uncreased brow by whispering eddies of warm air.

Such quiet joys are fast becoming unknown and we're going to have to do something about bringing the porch back before our modern architects forget what it is!



Books In Review

BY FRANK MEYER

RARELY do military men write well. Even more rarely does a great field commander of the Patton type combine contributions to fundamental military thinking with an exciting narrative of his experiences. **The Rommel Papers**, edited by B. H. Liddell Hart, (Harcourt, \$6.00) exhibit just such a combination of qualities. Liddell Hart may exaggerate in his Introduction when he implies that this is greater military writing than Napoleon's or Caesar's, but it certainly bears comparison with the best.

Perhaps because the book is a collection of papers, dictated memoranda, and letters written in the heat of war, rather than a planned, polished work, it is strikingly vivid and direct. It has none of the stuffiness of the official afterthought which has ruined most of the memoirs of World War II which have so far appeared.

Of all the German generals who have fought the Western powers in the two World Wars, none has been more respected by his enemies. Lid-

dell Hart says that Rommel became the hero of Montgomery's Eighth Army troops who were fighting against him — "to such an extent that it became their habit, when wanting to say that someone had done a good job of any kind on their own side, to describe it as 'doing a Rommel.'" Near the front, gallant admiration of an enemy's ability still seems to be possible. The absurd outcry here in America, and especially in Britain, against the editor and publishers of this book, seven years after the end of the war, is groundless, whatever were Rommel's personal politics. He was a great general and military writer.

For that matter, a careful reading of this book shows in Rommel not Nazism but simply a soldier's loyalty to the head of his state. Nor was his an unreasoning loyalty, for as early as 1942, in conversation with his wife, he showed the beginnings of that opposition to Hitler which led to his forced suicide at the Fuehrer's command in 1944, after the July *Putsch*.

A PART from a number of retrospective surveys of the progress of the war, sections which show Rommel's strategic understanding at its best, *The Rommel Papers* are divided into three parts, which develop one after the other with the insistence of a classical tragedy.

The book opens with the thrusting blitzkrieg in France in 1940, when Rommel commanded the 7th Panzer Division. The mood is a mood of audacious victory; but what is most impressive to an American reader is the clearly implied reason for that victory. As one reads these lightning pages, one is more and more convinced that the Germans could have been stopped in their tracks in that campaign. Superior numbers of well-armed French troops again and again surrendered without firing a shot, apparently for one simple reason. The Maginot Line had been breached and the army, led and indoctrinated in a passive defensive spirit, had no resources remaining to it, spiritually, strategically, or tactically. This is the first act, as it were — vigorous, triumphant, confident, for Rommel.

By far the longest, and militarily the most interesting section of the book, is the second part, the African campaigns where Rommel made his reputation. This begins on the same high note of triumph and ends in late 1942 and early 1943 with a sure premonition of defeat. The rich discussions of these campaigns are illustrated by magnificent photographs of desert maneuvers taken by Rom-

mel himself (the entire book is, in fact, so illustrated). His battle sketches for the engagements of Tobruk and Gazala convey the power and precision of his mind.

The reiterated theme of the end of this section and the whole of the third section, the Normandy invasion, is the decisive power of Western air and technological supremacy. The final chapter, Rommel's reflections on the campaigns in Africa and France, written during convalescence from his wounds in Normandy and shortly before his death, is entitled "The Sky Has Grown Dark." It is an image both figurative and literal.

Air and Sea Power

This man, who till three months before the invasion of France had been an infantry soldier and who became famous as a tank commander, had the imagination to realize that the future lay with command of the air and sea. Talking with his wife and son a short time before his death, he predicted a future war between Russia and the United States and said of Russia's land forces: "That isn't what will decide the issue . . . Have our better tanks and elite divisions in Normandy been of any avail? No, young man, the Americans have got command of the air and they'll keep it. That is a sentence of death for any land army, however large, that has to fight without adequate air cover [and] we mustn't forget that

Britain and America have sea power and can carry their war material to any point on the face of the globe which is accessible to the sea."

The pace and excitement of this book make it good reading for these hot summer months. It is more than good reading, however. Whether we like it or not, we live in an age when warfare is an ever present possibility and the art of warfare is of deep concern to any society with the will to survive. From the testimony of a defeated enemy, the outstanding field commander of one of history's greatest land armies, we may gain the surest of objective evidence as to the source of our strength.

Rommel confirms in his experience the first strategic principle of our American situation: we are facing a land colossus astride the Eurasian continent; we are an "island" power, with a relatively small population. Like Athens against Sparta, and Britain against the Continent, we are dependent upon our technology and our mobility. That is not to say that there would be no hard and dirty fighting to be done on land by our men and the men of our allies; but our critical arms are those which can deliver the power of America through the trackless wastes of air and sea, bringing it to bear against the superior manpower of a great land empire.

IF WE are to survive with an effective manpower quotient of three- or four-to-one against us,

then the merest common sense would indicate the utmost utilization of our technological strength and the utmost conservation of our manpower. Brig. Gen. Bonner Fellers' *Wings for Peace* (Regnery, \$3.50) devastatingly describes the weaknesses of our present military posture — too little where it counts, the wrong thing, and too spread out.

To the concept of "balanced forces," interpreted to mean that if the Air Force gets anything, the Army and Navy must get something equal, he opposes the only form of balance which can have real strategic meaning, a balance dictated by our potentialities and calculated in terms of the enemy's forces and capabilities. The Russians are strong in men; we are strong in technological striking power. "We must plan to avoid and by-pass enemy strength, while we strike his weakness with all our might."

This means concentration on weapons of "deep penetration" which can destroy the heart of Soviet industry and the bases of their long-range air force. General Fellers' fundamental strategic premise would seem unchallengeable. But a question arises to the mind of the non-professional observer. Should not the aircraft carriers and rocket-launching battleships of the naval arm be considered alongside of the strategic air force as a parallel weapon of deep penetration? However that may be, General Fellers' major emphasis on the need of a

clear strategic concept in terms of contemporary reality remains sound.

Strategy and Politics

His analysis jolts the Alice-in-Wonderland dream of a NATO army of 25 divisions (with 25 more in reserve) holding the fort against an available Soviet force of 265 divisions, 20,000 tanks and 12,000 planes in immediate readiness. What stands in the way of the development of an over-all strategic plan which can arm us for survival and present a sufficient deterrent threat to make peace a possibility? General Fellers' stated reasons seem inadequate. He seems to put it down primarily to the tendency of generals to fight the last war over again, or to inter-service jealousies.

A deeper explanation, which he approaches but never fully expresses, would seem nearer the truth. Political policies shape military and strategic attitudes. The long-standing policy of containment under the past administration has created an atmosphere in which it has been very difficult for military men to apply clear strategic principles to the struggle in which we find ourselves. That Russia is our enemy is, of course, accepted. But too much of our operative thinking seems to shy away from the conclusion that it is the Russian and American industrial centers and air bases that are the stakes and the targets of this war — not the Elbe or the Rhine, the Yalu or the Yangtze.

THE net result is that we have been wasting our substance. It is not only impossible for us to match Russo-Asiatic manpower; neither are our economic resources infinite, at least as long as we care to preserve our free capitalist society. Here, too, General Fellers is sober and realistic. Clearly, if we had infinite economic resources which could be mobilized without threat to our free economy, then there would be no need to make choices between air, navy, ground weapons, and foreign aid. We could do everything. Our resources, however, are limited. Concentration of expenditure on fundamental strategic aims is the only way of defending ourselves without taxation that would totally transform the institutions we are fighting to preserve.

The Korean War has shown us only too vividly what we are going to be up against if we try to fight states with unlimited manpower on the fields of their choice. In November, 1950, General MacArthur's forces had defeated the North Korean Army and were driving to the Yalu. At the crucial moment of Chinese intervention, American air power was restrained from striking at the bases of the new enemy behind the Yalu. There followed what is probably the worst defeat in American military history.

In *The River and the Gauntlet* (Morrow, \$5.00), S. L. A. Marshall has told the story of the defeat of the Eighth Army and of their in-

comparable valor in retreat. General Marshall is not primarily concerned with the causes of that defeat. Except for an introductory chapter, the book is entirely composed of detailed pictures of the battle itself, of the actual experiences of individuals, squads, battalions, divisions. Based on a method familiar to readers of his previous books and of his articles in *The Infantry Journal* and *The Combat Forces Journal*, it is battle-reporting unsurpassed in immediacy and vigor. The author develops his material from the most thorough discussions with participants of every rank, from private to general. It is a magnificent technique. "The fog of war," as Liddell Hart has called it, the confusion after the ultimate experience of struggle to death, is here penetrated as much as it ever can be.

The reality of battle, unromanticized and undiluted, is in this book: the role of a bottle of I. W. Harper, the strategic importance of one wrecked jeep, the unbelievable courage of Americans facing an impossible situation. It is a breathless narrative for the layman. For the soldier it is the raw material out of which tactics and strategy are made.

The Nature of the Enemy

The only weak chapter of the book is the first one, where the author discusses the background of the battle. He seems to see the major cause of our defeat in deficiencies of

American Intelligence. This is a technical problem to which only those on the spot can know the answer; but the fact is that MacArthur had his plans for the eventuality of Chinese intervention. Political decisions made in Washington prevented him from taking the steps which could have dealt with it, and those political decisions were based either on complete lack of understanding of the enemy we are up against or wishful thinking about him.

If we were attacked by men from Mars, our pundits could be hardly more confounded by the nature of the enemy than they are by the Soviets. Stalin died a little while ago. The most elementary knowledge of Communism would have indicated the only possible significance of that event for our policy — that in the inner struggle for power *within the Marxist-Leninist framework*, we might have an opportunity to strike and strike hard. Instead, we get reams of speculation about how Malenkov's personality might somehow change the situation. In addition to the outpourings in the daily newspapers and the magazines, three books have been rushed to press: Isaac Deutscher's **Russia: What Next?** (Oxford) is not yet at hand as I write this column; but Martin Ebon's **Malenkov, Stalin's Successor** (McGraw-Hill, \$3.75) and Robert Frazier's **Malenkov** (Lion Books, 25¢) are brilliant examples of the confusion well-meaning journalists

can sow when they do not understand the underlying drive and the philosophical power of Communism.

Mr. Frazier and Mr. Ebon, like those who make so much of our opinion and our policy, miss the central point: that from Lenin to Stalin to Malenkov-Beria (or whoever emerges from the struggle for power within the Politburo), Communist aims, strategy and tactics are dictated by a theoretical outlook, backed by a quasi-religious fervor.

The differences of opinion are tactical only, and must be looked for not in sharp, clear statements but in the minutiae of emphasis. Those little signs were apparent to a startling degree in the differing formulations of Malenkov's and Beria's funeral orations at Stalin's bier. The whole stress of Malenkov's was on the continuation of the Stalinist tradition; the whole stress of Beria's was directed backward toward Lenin and forward towards a collective Central Committee, almost in direct challenge to the one-man leadership of Stalin's chosen successor. This, both Mr. Ebon and Mr. Frazier seem to have missed; and it is the only recent "fact" we have.

I don't want to make too much out of this. Whether it is Malenkov or Beria makes little difference to us. In either case, the Soviet aim is world domination. But the existence of factional struggle gives us an opportunity to press which may not be repeated for many a long year.

Despite, however, the very serious limitations of these books, it must be said that when it comes to practical policy, neither man is under any illusions about the seriousness of the cold war. Mr. Ebon very capably takes apart the "peace offensive" and Mr. Frazier stresses that "never . . . have we had a more favorable climate for seizing the initiative."

IN CONTRAST, Robert Magidoff's **The Kremlin vs. the People** (Doubleday, \$3.50) is full of valuable information on conditions within the Soviet Empire and shows considerable grasp of the motivating forces of Soviet Communism, but it is lamentably poor when it comes to considerations of American policy in the Cold War. Mr. Magidoff draws on his own personal experience in Russia, where he was a correspondent for many years, augmented by wide reference to other authorities and by discussion with recent escapees. While the book shows the weaknesses that do exist in the Soviet structure, it also makes very plain the great strength of a regime which has been able to ride out these weaknesses for thirty years.

It is, therefore, particularly strange to find that Mr. Magidoff's ideas on American policy are but a rehash of the Kennan containment program, based on the same hope that internal tensions will eventually destroy the Soviet dictatorship. His only additional proposal is an in-

tensification of world-wide preaching about our idealism. This he calls psychological warfare. The book aptly ends with the quotation of one of Adlai Stevenson's more meaningless purple passages.

WHATEVER else he is, Sidney Hook is never feeble. In **Heresy, Yes — Conspiracy, No** (John Day, \$3.75) he shows once again his power of mind and his willingness to grapple with complex reality. These abilities could have led to a book of great importance on the Communist question, were it not for the deep confusion of his basic premises. Unlike so many liberals, he understands the danger of Communism as a conspiratorial movement directed toward the destruction of our society, a conspiracy which should be utterly destroyed. On the other hand, he believes that unpopular *opinions* should have their day in the free market place of ideas and should not be the subject of legal or political interference. With this general principle no lover of freedom can disagree.

The difficulty is that Mr. Hook, by adroit dialectics, leaves the impression that the liberal-socialist outlook, which has been decisive in America for thirty years, is such an "unpopular idea." He manages to condemn as witch-hunting all efforts to revive conservative and religious ideas. It is most unfortunate that he blunts the impact of his clear, sharp, tough-minded analysis of the Com-

munist conspiracy (which, it is to be hoped, all his liberal friends will read) by smuggling in this sidelong attack upon American conservatism.

Furthermore, his fundamental attitudes weaken even his understanding of Communism when he moves beyond the operational problem of dealing with the Communist conspiracy to touch upon the essential meaning of Communism and the character of Communists. Time after time his otherwise confident argument seems to come to a dead stop as he considers the affinity of liberals for Communist causes.

This seems to be a mystery to him. Communism and liberalism-socialism, different though they are in practice, are theoretically founded on certain identical principles. Both deify man's rational intelligence, look towards a Utopia, and regard the individual as subordinate to the needs of society. Liberals who would reject with horror the practical measures of the Communists find it impossible to fight Communism as they once fought fascism, because of underlying attitudes they share with the Communists. This is the solution to Mr. Hook's mystery. But, imprisoned within his own positivist, materialist outlook, he cannot find it.

Alan Devoe's Latest

A new book by Alan Devoe is always good news, especially to MERCURY readers. **Our Animal Neighbors** (McGraw-Hill, \$3.75) is the

story of his and his wife's experiences with the woodchucks, raccoons, rabbits, deer and foxes of their own woods and fields. It's a delightful book.

Paper-Bound Books

There has been a good deal written in the last year or so about the great service that is being performed by the publishers of paper-bound books in bringing out good reading at a reasonable price. From a cursory inspection of the newsstands, I had my doubts; but I made a point of looking over what the paper-bound publishers claim to be the best of this year's production.

Apart from mystery stories and science fiction (which have their place) and tawdry novels, the best that can be said for most of the houses in this field is that they have reprinted a number of first-rate works of fiction and some useful informational books. Unfortunately, even their most distinguished novels have been almost universally disfigured by pornographic or sensational covers and cheap, ugly printing.

The great exception has been the Penguin-Pelican series, now distributed widely in the United States although published in England. Their titles, both originals and reprints, are consistently of high qual-

ity. They cover a wide variety of interests from, for example, a thorough and entertaining book on **Jazz** by Rex Harris (50¢) to a new and vibrant translation of the Gospels by E. V. Rieu, **The Four Gospels** (65¢). They are also beautifully printed, and when illustrated, magnificently so.

The only other series which promises to maintain a high level of content and format is the new Anchor Books, published by Doubleday. The first twelve titles include such books as D. H. Lawrence's **Studies in Classic American Literature** (65¢), long out of print; Stendhal's **The Charterhouse of Parma** (95¢); and Andre Gide's **Lafcadio's Adventures** (75¢).

The New American Library, with their Mentor and Signet books, have maintained a certain dignity and quality rather in advance of their competitors in the newsstand and drugstore field. Also, they have initiated a trend of publishing anthologies of new and not-too-well-known writers with their **New World Writing** (50¢), which has been followed by Pocket Books' **Discovery** (35¢) and PermaBooks' **New Voices** (50¢) and **Seven Arts** (50¢).

The sum total, however, of the hundreds of millions of copies the paper-bound industry boasts of distributing is singularly unimpressive.